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THE  
**SPECTATOR,**

BY

ADDISON,  
STEELE,  
PARNELL,  
HUGHES,  
PARKER,

TICKELL,  
BUDGELL,  
GROVE,  
BYROM,  
HENLEY,

AND OTHERS.

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IN TWELVE VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

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**PHILADELPHIA:**

**JAMES CRISSY, 177, CHESTNUT STREET**

**1824.**

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*J. Crissy and G. Goodman, printers.*

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

**CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.**

MY LORD,

SIMILITUDE of manners and studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to affection and esteem; but the passionate veneration I have for your lordship, I think, flows from an admiration of qualities in you, of which, in the whole course of these papers, I have acknowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a stranger upon earth, and can pretend to no other than being a looker on, you are conspicuous in the busy and polite world, both in the world of men and that of letters: while I am silent and unobserved in public meetings, you are admired by all that approach you, as the life and genius of the conversation. What a happy conjunction of different talents meets in him whose whole discourse is at once animated by the strength and force of reason, and adorned with all the graces and embellishments of wit? When learning irradiates common life, it is then in its highest use and perfection; and it is to such as your lordship, that the sciences owe the esteem which they have



with the active part of mankind. Knowledge of books in recluse men, is like that sort of lantern which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his own; but in the possession of a man of business, it is as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered, the way which leads to their prosperity and welfare. A generous concern for your country, and a passion for every thing which is truly great and noble, are what actuate all your life and actions; and I hope you will forgive me that I have an ambition this book may be placed in the library of so good a judge of what is valuable, in that library where the choice is such, that it will not be a disparagement to be the meanest author in it. Forgive me, my lord, for taking this occasion of telling all the world how ardently I love and honour you; and that I am, with the utmost gratitude for all your favours,

My lord,

Your lordship's most obliged,

Most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

# THE SPECTATOR.

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No. 56. FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1711. *By Addison.*

*Felices errore suo*——

LUCAN. l. 1. v. 454.

Happy in their mistake.

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses: and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who in his dissertation upon the leadstone, observing that fire will

destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst a heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form, that is, in our West Indian phrase, the soul of the loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings, to inquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter: which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows:

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under a hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take

up a huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briars and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quick-set hedge to the ghosts it enclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impression on flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when, by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much farther, when he observed the thorns and briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those rugged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delight-

ful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it enclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man upon the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about a hundred beagles that were hunting down the ghost of a hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a quoit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of *departed utensils*, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest varie-

ty and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman, when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eyes upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him; floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was impassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his

arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces.

After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with her own hands, with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men, after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal: but having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it.

C.

No. 57. SATURDAY, MAY 5. *By Addison.*

*Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,  
Quæ fugit a sexu?—* Juv. Sat. 6 251.

What sense of shame in woman's breast can lie,  
Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly? DRYDEN.

WHEN the wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliad, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero, desiring her to leave that matter to his care, bids her go to her maids, and mind her spinning: by which the poet intimates, that men and women ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young gentleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and, upon occasion, can make a caudle or a sack-posset better than any man in England. He is likewise a wonderful critic in cambrics and muslins, and will talk an hour together upon a sweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and court: as, what lady shows the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen; who the prettiest snuff-box; with many other the like curious remarks that may be made in good company.

On the other hand, I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a wag-



gish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him, in a large company of men and ladies, by the fellow with the broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party-rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and sooth them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not

have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party-rage? Camilla is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the *virago* of one party, than upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table; but, in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, nobody knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party-zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look: besides, that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great lord, whom she had never seen in her life; and indeed never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partisans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part I think a man makes an odious

and despicable figure that is violent in a party; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagancies; their generous souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred; and whether a whig or a tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember, when Dr. Titus Oates (*a*) was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance: we were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing with my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see on the lid of it but the doctor? It was not long after this, when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves raillery, told her that if he was in Mr. Truelove's place (for that was the name of her husband), he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. 'I am afraid,' said she, 'Mr. Honeycomb, you are a tory; tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor or not?' Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face, (for indeed she was very pretty,) and told her that one

of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, 'Well,' says she, 'I'll be hanged if you and your silent friend there are not against the doctor in your hearts: I suspected as much by his saying nothing.' Upon this she took her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it, again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.

C.

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No. 58. MONDAY, MAY 7. *By Addison.*

*Ut pictura poesis erit*—

HOR. Ars. Poet. v. 361.

Poems like pictures are.

Nothing is so much admired, and so little understood as wit. No author that I know of has written professedly upon it; and as for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general exclamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore, I shall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure

which a famous critic bestows upon one who had written a treatise upon the *sublime* in a low grovelling style. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that this great city will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach; I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these my speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour, as much as possible, to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to operas and tragedies: and shall, from time to time, impart my notions of comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my bookseller that these papers of criticism, with that upon humour, have met with a more kind reception than, indeed, I could have hoped for from such subjects; for which reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater cheerfulness.

In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed

there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyrics handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I shall, therefore, describe at length those many arts of false wit, in which a writer does not show himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the Iliad itself; I mean those short poems printed among the minor Greek poets, which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an axe, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem, than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consist of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it, as in the rest of the poems which follow, bears some remote affinity with the figure; for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The axe, methinks, would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but, as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the posy of an axe which was consecrated to Minerva, and was thought to have been the same that Epeus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the posy was written originally upon the axe, like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives, and that, therefore, the posy still remains in its ancient shape, though the axe itself is lost.

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verse, which by their several lengths resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.

The altar is inscribed with the epitaph of Troilus, the son of Hecuba; which by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as Theocritus could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer. He was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself, according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word,

the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack; and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following verses in his *Mac Flecno*; which an English reader can not understand, who does not know that there are those little poems above mentioned in the shape of wings and altars.

—————Choose for thy command  
Some peaceful province in acrostic land;  
There may'st thou *wings* display, and *altars* raise,  
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. Herbert's poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned than that famous picture of king Charles I. which has the whole book of *Psalms* written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head. When I was last at Oxford, I perused one of the whiskers, and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing master in town, who has transcribed all \*



Old Testament in a full-bottomed periwig; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that should contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for king William, having disposed of the two books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one who has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture. I would humbly propose for the benefit of our modern smatterers in poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage-finger, with a design to make a posy in the fashion of a ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars; and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, snuff boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable English authors who call themselves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions. C.

No. 59. TUESDAY, MAY 8. *By Addison.*

*Operose nihil agunt.* SENECA.

Busy about nothing.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could; and notwithstanding pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author as *flash* and *froth*, they all of them show, upon occasion, that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of these false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give the reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the *lipogrammatists* or *letter-droppers* of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an *Odyssey*, or epic poem on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was called

Alpha (as *lucus à non lucendo*,) because there was not an Alpha in it. His second book was inscribed Beta for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and showed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the rebrobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of Tryphiodorus, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants than the *Odyssey* of Homer. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasures of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a Rebus, that does not sink a letter but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When Cæsar was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word Cæsar signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artfully contrived by Cæsar, because it was not lawful for a

private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. Cicero, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch (which is *Cicer* in Latin,) instead of Marcus Tullius Cicero, ordered the words Marcus Tullius, with the figure of a vetch at the end of them to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to show that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard; those words in Greek having been the names of the architects who, by the laws of their country, were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason, it is thought that the forelock of the horse in the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate the country of the statuary, who in all probability was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason as the ancients above mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned Camden in his remains. Mr. Newberry, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew-tree, that had several berries upon it and in the midst of them a great golden N hung upon a bough of the tree, which,

by the help of a little false spelling, made up the word N-ew-berry.

I shall conclude this topic with a rebus, which has been lately hewn out in free-stone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim-house, being the figure of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader, that the cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as the lion is the emblem of the English nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of buildings, looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit; but I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice. The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an echo who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the persons she talks with in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary echo, who is of great use to the poet in verbal distichs, as she does not only repeat after

him, but helps out his verses, and furnishes him with rhymes.

‘He raged and kept as heavy a coil as  
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;  
Forcing the valleys to repeat  
The accents of his sad regret;  
He beat his breast and tore his hair,  
For loss of his dear erony bear,  
That echo from the hollow ground,  
His doleful wailings did resound  
More wistfully, by many times,  
Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,  
That make her, in their rueful stories,  
To answer to int’rogatories,  
And most unconscionably depose  
To things of which she nothing knows:  
And when she has said all she can say,  
’Tis wrested to the lover’s fancy.  
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
Art thou fled to my——Echo, *Ruin?*  
I thought th’ had’st scorn’d to budge a step  
For fear: Quoth Echo, *Marry guep.*  
Am I not here to take thy part?  
Then what has quail’d thy stubborn heart?  
Have these bones rattled, and this head  
So often in thy quarrel bled?  
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
For thy dear sake, Quoth she, *Mum Budget.*  
Think’st thou ’twill not be laid i’ th’ dish.  
Thou turn’dst thy back? Quoth Echo, *Pish.*  
To run from those th’ hadst overcome  
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum.*  
But what vengeance makes thee fly  
From me too as thine enemy?  
Or if thou hast no thought of me,  
Nor what I have endur’d for thee,  
Yet shame and honour might prevail,  
To keep thee thus from turning tail:  
For who would grudge to spend his blood in  
His honour’s cause? Quoth she, *A pudding.*

No. 60. WEDNESDAY, MAY 9. *By Addison.*

*Hoc est quod palles? Cur quis non praeceat, hoc est?*

PERS. Sat. 3. v. 85.

Is it for this you gain those meagre looks,  
And sacrifice your dinner to your books?

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the *Aeneid* turned into Latin rhymes by one of the *beaux esprits* of that dark age; who says in his preface to it, that the *Aeneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work of its kind. I have likewise seen a hymn in hexameters to the virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words.

*Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, caelo.*

Thou hast as many virtues, O virgin, as there are stars in Heaven.

The poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues of the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands, did not

only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but, enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams, which is nothing else but the transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words; which may change night into day or black into white, if chance, who is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his rival who, it seems was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, *the anagram of a man*.

When the anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken up, which will not show the treasure it contains till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it: for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the Lady Mary Boon. The lover not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing, converted it into Moll; and after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into Moll Boon, she told him, to his infi-



nite surprise, that he had mistaken her surname, for that it was not Boon, but Bohun.

——— *Ibi omnis*  
*Effusus labor* ——

The lover was thunderstruck with his misfortune; insomuch that in a little time after he lost his senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The simple acrostic is nothing but the name or title of a person or thing made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese, in a perpendicular line. But beside these, there are compound acrostics, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acrostics, which is commonly called a chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words: **CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS.**

If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper

order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627; the year in which the medal was stamped: for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term; but instead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought as for the year of the Lord.

The *Bouts Rimez* were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the declension of empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercurie Gallant*; where the author every month gives a list of rhymes to be filled up by the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the *Mercurie* for the succeeding month. That for the

month of November last, which now lies before me, is as follows:

.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Lauriers
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Guerriers
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Musette
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Lisette
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Cæsars
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Etendars
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Houlette
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Folette

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as Menage talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage.

‘Monsieur de la Chambre has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making verses. In the first place I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day showed Monsieur Gombaud a composition of this nature, in which among others, I had made use of the four following rhymes, Amayllis, Phyllis, Marne, Arne, desiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately that my verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his reason, he said, because the rhymes are too common; and for that reason easy to be put into verse. Marry, says I, if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at. But by Monsieur Gombaud’s leave, notwith-

standing the severity of the criticism, the verses were good.' Vide Menagiana. Thus far the learned Menage, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these *bouts-rimez* made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French ladies used to impose on their lovers. But when a grave author like him abovementioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur Sarasin, in a poem entitled *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez, The Rout of the Bouts-Rimez*.

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the double rhymes, which are used in doggerel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable Hudibras, do it more on account of these doggerel rhymes, than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick—

and

There was an ancient sage philosopher  
Who had read Alexander Ross over—

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem.

No. 61. THURSDAY, MAY 10. *By Addison.*

*Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis  
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.* PERS.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage  
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page  
With wind and noise. DRYDEN.

THERE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius, that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us; and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns; and in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also, upon examination, proves arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished, was in the reign of king

**James the First.** That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy counsellors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a *conundrum*. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance, told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest *paragrammatist* among the moderns. Upon inquiry I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Placè*, but

that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antanacclasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this, we must consider, that the first race of authors who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness and genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors, to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder, therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper

separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters: but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age, and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters: at least a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called the *Witch's Prayer*, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way, and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such painstakers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire: for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion than the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dulness on both sides. I have seen tory acrostics and whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them because they are



whigs or tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning: having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language: if it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun, as the countryman described his nightingale; that it is *vox et præterea nihil*; a sound, and nothing but a sound. On the contrary; one may represent true wit by the description which Aristenetus makes of a fine woman; when she is *dressed*, she is beautiful; when she is *undressed*, she is beautiful: or, as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, *Induitur, formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est.* C.

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No. 62. FRIDAY, MAY 11. By Addison.

*Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.* HOR.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.

ROSCOMMON.

MR. LOCKE has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he endeavours to show the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow: 'And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation,

that men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment, or deepest reason.—For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude: and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion; wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people.'

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one as gives *delight* and *surprise* to the reader: these two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order, therefore, that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the rainbow, can not be

called wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance there be some further congruity discovered in the two ideas that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us, the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes, in heroic poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom any thing in them that can be called wit. Mr. Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, ænigmas, mottos, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion. There are many other pieces of wit (how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As *true wit* generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of ideas, *false wit* chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics; sometimes of syllables, as in echoes and doggerel rhymes; sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figures of *eggs*, *axes*, or *altars*: nay, some carry the notion of wit so far as to ascribe it even to external mimicry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that

can resemble the tone, posture or face of another. As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words according to the foregoing instances: there is another kind of wit which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words; which for distinction sake shall call mixed wit. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley, more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton has a genius much above it. Spenser is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the ancient poets, has every where rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixed wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it nowhere but in the epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musæus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixed wit in Virgil, Lucretius or Catullus; very little in Horace, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and scarce any thing else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixed wit, I shall choose one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this class. The passion of love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words *love* and *flame* are made use of to signify love. The witty poets therefore have taken an advantage from the double meaning of the word *fire*,

make an infinite number of witticisms. Cowley observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as burning glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbec. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke: when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observed that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree.—When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him forever dreads the fire. His heart is an *Ætna*, that instead of *Vulcan's* shop encloses *Cupid's* forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, that the fire of love like that of the sun (which produces so many living creatures) should not only warm, but beget. Love in another place cooks pleasure at his fire.—Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in

every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe, in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence, speaking of it both as a passion and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixed wit, therefore, is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words: its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth: reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit, is epigram, or those little occasional poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I can not conclude this head of mixed wit, without owning that the admirable poet, out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit: which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general.—'Wit, as he defines it, is a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject.' If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper: it is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and

thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit, than Mr. Cowley: and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics, has taken pains to show that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of all wit is truth, and that no thought can be valuable of which good sense is not the ground work. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which nobody deviates from but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy. Mr. Dryden makes a very handsome observation, on Ovid's

writing a letter from Dido to Æneas, in the following words: 'Ovid, (says he, speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and Æneas) takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient herpine of Virgil's new created Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the *Art of Love* has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a great master in his own profession, and which is worse, improves nothing which he finds; nature fails him, and being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem.'

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr. Dryden, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our English poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes monsieur Segrais for a three-fold distinction of the readers of poetry: in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follows: 'Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes. [He might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.] In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*, such things as are our upper-gallery au-



dienee in a play-house; who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit, and prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression; these are mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament men, we know already who would carry it. But though they made the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch boors, brought over in heards, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pouds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden; yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them.'

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr. Locke, in the passage above-mentioned, has discovered the most fruitful soure of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several kinds. For not only the *resemblance*, but the *opposition* of ideas, does very often produce wit; as I could show in several little points, turns, and antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future speculation.

C.

No. 63. SATURDAY, MAY 12. *By Addison.*

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;  
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum  
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, cæcæ  
Fringentur species——* Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 1.

If in a picture, Piso, you should see  
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,  
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,  
Or limbs of beasts, of the most different kinds,  
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds;  
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?  
Trust me that book is as ridiculous,  
Whose incoherent style, like sick men's dreams,  
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes. *Roscommon.*

It is very hard for the mind to disengage itself from a subject on which it has been long employed. The thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the tossings and fluctuations of the sea continue several hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last night's dream or vision, which, formed into one continued allegory the several schemes of wit, whether false, mixed, or true, that have been the subject of my late papers.

Methought I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the goddess of Falsehood, and entitled the Region of False wit. There was no-

thing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera tune, and were filled with stags, wild-boars, and mermaids, that lived among the waters; at the same time that dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks, or took their pastime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, ambergris, and pulvillios; and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders which lay before me, when to my great surprise, I found there were artificial echoes in every walk, that by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered in the centre of a very dark grove, a monstrous fabric built after the Gothic manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the god of Dulness. Upon my entrance I saw the deity of the place dressed in the habit of a monk, with a book in one hand and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was Industry, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left, Caprice,

with a monkey sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an altar of a very odd make, which as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it. Upon the altar there lay several offerings of *axes*, *wings*, and *eggs* cut in paper, and inscribed with verses. The temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of *anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures and countermarches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.

Not far from these was a body of *acrostics*, made up of very disproportioned persons. It was disposed into three columns, the officers planting themselves in a line on the left hand of each column. The officers were all of them at least six feet high, and made three rows of very proper men, but the common soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the acrostics, two or three files of *chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their officers were equipped (like the figure of Time) with an hour glass in one hand and a scythe in the other, and took their posts promiscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the deity, methought I saw the phantom

of Tryphiodorus the *Lipogrammatist*, engaged in a ball with four and twenty persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busy at the western end of the temple, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of *rebusses*. These were several things of the most different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like fagots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and a hobby-horse bound up together. One of the workmen seeing me very much surprised, told me there was an infinite deal of wit in several of these bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased. I thanked him for his civility, but told him, I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of *crambo*. I heard several *double rhymes* as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people engaged at a diversion, in which the whole jest was to mistake one person for another.

To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the same kind of dress, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a Black-a-moor for an

European, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guessed to be a party of *puns*. But being very desirous to get out of this world of magic, which had almost turned my brain, I left the temple, and crossed over the fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and in the midst of it a person of a most beautiful aspect; her name was *Truth*. On her right hand there marched a male deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several arrows in his hand. His name was *Wit*. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of *False Wit* with an unspeakable consternation, insomuch that the goddess of those regions appeared in person upon her frontiers, with the several inferior deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several inhabitants who bordered upon the regions of *Falsehood* to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neuters, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the species of *Mixed Wit*, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army.

There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning glasses; men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several monsters of the like nature that composed this great army; which immediately fell asunder, and divided itself into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of Truth, and the other behind those of Falsehood.

The goddess of Falsehood was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of her army; but as the dazzling light which flowed from Truth began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little space she looked rather like a huge phantom than a real substance. At length, as the goddess of Truth approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the sun the constellations grow thin, and the stars go out one after another, till the whole hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the goddess; and not only of the goddess herself, but of the whole army that attended her, which sympathized with their leader, and shrunk into nothing in proportion as the goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole temple sunk, the fish betook themselves to the streams, and the wild beasts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face of nature its true

and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied myself as it were awakened out of a dream, when I saw this region of prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders, which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of Wit and Truth; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong, compact body of figures. The genius of Heroic Poetry appeared with a sword in her hand; and a laurel on her head. Tragedy was crowned with cypress, and covered with robes dipped in blood. Satire had smiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. Rhetoric was known by her thunderbolt; and Comedy by her mask. After several other figures, Epigram marched up in the rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the god of Wit; there was something so amiable and yet so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable joy he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder in order to make me a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means awaked..

C.



No. 64. MONDAY, MAY 14. *By Steele.*

—*Hic vivimus ambitiosa*

*Paupertate omnes—*

JUV. Sat. 3. v. 183.

The face of wealth in poverty we wear. .

THE most improper things we commit in the conduct of our lives, we are led into by the force of fashion. Instances might be given, in which a prevailing custom makes us act against the rules of nature, law, and common sense: but at present I shall confine my consideration to the effect it has upon men's minds, by looking into our behaviour when it is the fashion to go into mourning. The custom of representing the grief we have for the loss of the dead by our habits, certainly had its rise from the real sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper care they ought of their dress. By degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward oppression upon their minds, made an apology for not joining with the rest of the world in their ordinary diversions, by a dress suited to their condition. This therefore was at first assumed by such only as were under real distress: to whom it was a relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the gloom and melancholy of their inward reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of time this laudable distinction of the sorrowful was lost, and mourning is now worn by heirs and widows. You see nothing but magnificence and solemnity in the equipage of the relict, and an air of release from servitude in the pomp of a son who has lost a wealthy father.

This fashion of sorrow is now become a generous part of the ceremonial between princes and sovereigns, who in the language of all nations are styled brothers to each other, and put on the purple upon the death of any potentate with whom they live in amity. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with grief from head to foot upon this disaster to their prince: so that one may know by the very buckles of a gentleman usher, what degree of friendship any deceased monarch maintained with the court to which he belongs. A good courtier's habit and behaviour is hieroglyphical on these occasions: he deals much in whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best intelligence.

The general affectation among men of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole world run into the habit of the court. You see the lady, who the day before was as various as a rainbow, upon the time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a cloud. This humour does not prevail only on those whose fortunes can support any change in their equipage, nor on those only whose incomes demand the wantonness of new appearances; but on such also who have just enough to clothe them. An old acquaintance of mine of ninety pounds a year, who has naturally the vanity of being a man of fashion deep at his heart, is very much put to it to bear the mortality of princes. He made a new black suit upon the death of the King of Spain, he turned it for the King of Portugal, and he now keeps his chamber while it is scouring for the Emperor. He is a good economist in his ex-

travagance, and makes only a fresh black button upon his iron-grey suit for any potentate of small territories; he indeed adds his crape hat-band for a prince whose exploits he has admired in the Gazette. But whatever compliments may be made on these occasions, the true mourners are the mercers, silk-men, lace-men, and milliners. A prince of a merciful and royal disposition would reflect with great anxiety upon the prospect of his death, if he considered what numbers would be reduced to misery by that accident only; he would think it of moment enough to direct, that in the notification of his departure, the honour done to him might be restrained to those of the household of the prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general mourning to be in a less degree the same ceremony which is practised in barbarous nations, of killing their slaves to attend the obsequies of their kings.

I had been wonderfully at a loss for many months together to guess at the character of a man who came now and then to our coffee-house; he ever ended a newspaper with this reflection, 'Well, I see all the foreign princes are in good health.' If you ask, Pray, sir, what says the Postman from Vienna? he answered, 'Make us thankful, the German princes are all well.' What does he say from Barcelona? 'He does not speak but that the country agrees very well with the new Queen.' After very much inquiry, I found this man of universal loyalty was a wholesale dealer in silks and ribbands: his way is, it seems, if he hires a weaver or workman, to have it inserted in his articles, 'That all this shall be well

and truly performed, provided no foreign potentate shall depart this life within the time above mentioned.' It happens in all public mournings, that the many trades which depend upon our habits, are, during that folly, either pinched with present want, or terrified with the apparent approach of it. All the atonement which men can make for wanton expenses (which is a sort of insulting the scarcity under which others labour) is, that the superfluities of the wealthy give supplies to the necessities of the poor; but instead of any other good arising from the affectation of being in courtly habits of mourning, all order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true honour which one court does to another on that occasion loses its force and efficacy. When a foreign minister beholds the court of a nation (which flourishes in riches and plenty) lay aside, upon the loss of his master, all marks of splendour and magnificence; though the head of such a joyful people, he will conceive a greater idea of the honour done to his master, than when he sees the generality of the people in the same habit. When one is afraid to ask the wife of a tradesman whom she has lost of her family; and after some preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain herself, that we have lost one of the house of Austria! Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of mankind, that it is a presumptuous distinction to take a part in honours done to their memories, except we have authority for it, by being related in a particular manner to the court which pays that veneration to their friendship, and seems to express on such an

occasion the sense of the uncertainty of human life in general, by assuming the habit of sorrow, though in the full possession of triumph and royalty.

R.

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No. 65. TUESDAY, MAY 15. *By Steele.*

—*Demetri teque Tigelli*

*Discipulorem inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*      HON.

Demetrius and Tigellius, know your place;  
Go hence, and whine among the school-boy race.

AFTER having at large explained what wit is, and described the false appearances of it, all that labour seems to be an useless inquiry, without some time be spent in considering the application of it. The seat of wit, when one speaks as a man of the town and the world, is the play-house; I shall therefore fill this paper with reflections upon the use of it in that place. The application of wit in the theatre has as strong an effect upon the manners of our gentlemen, as the taste of it has upon the writings of our authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very presumptuous work, though not foreign from the duty of a Spectator, to tax the writings of such as have long had the general applause of a nation: but I shall always make reason, truth, and nature, the measures of praise and dispraise: if those are for me, the generality of opinion is of no consequence against me; if they are against me, the general opinion can not long support me.

Without further preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded plays, and see whether they deserve the figure they at present bear in the imaginations of men, or not.

In reflecting upon those works, I shall chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective play is most celebrated. The present paper shall be employed upon *Sir Fopling Flutter*. The received character of this play is, that it is the pattern of genteel comedy. *Dorimant* and *Harriot* are the characters of greatest consequence; and if these are low and mean, the reputation of the play is very unjust.

I will take for granted, that a fine gentleman should be honest in his actions, and refined in his language. Instead of this, our hero in this piece is a direct knave in his designs, and a clown in his language. *Bellair* is his admirer and friend; in return for which, because he is forsooth a greater wit than his said friend, he thinks it reasonable to persuade him to marry a young lady, whose virtue, he thinks, will last no longer than till she is a wife, and then she can not but fall to his share, as he is an irresistible fine gentleman. The falsehood to *Mrs. Loveit*, and the barbarity of triumphing over her anguish for losing him, is another instance of his honesty, as well as his good nature. As to his fine language, he calls the orange woman, who, it seems, is inclined to grow fat, 'an overgrown jade, with a flasket of guts before her;' and salutes her with a pretty phrase of 'How now, double tripe?' Upon the mention of a country gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of (no one can imagine why) he 'will lay his life she is some awkward,

ill-fashioned country toad, who not having above four dozen of hairs on her head, has adorned her baldness with a large white fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the fore-front of the king's box at an old play.'——

Unnatural mixture, of senseless commonplace!

As to the generosity of his temper, he tells his poor footman, 'If he did not wait better ——' he would turn him away, in the insolent phrase of, 'I'll uncase you.'

Now for Mrs. Harriot: she laughs at obedience to an absent mother, whose tenderness Busy describes to be very exquisite; for 'that she is so pleased with finding Harriot again, that she can not chide her for being out of the way.' This witty daughter, and fine lady, has so little respect for this good woman, that she ridicules her air in taking leave, and cries, 'In what struggle is my poor mother yonder? See, see, her head tottering, her eyes staring; and her under-lip trembling.' 'But all this is atoned for, because she has more wit than is usual in her sex, and as much malice, though she is as wild as you could wish her, and has a demureness in her looks that makes it so surprising!' Then to recommend her as a fit spouse for his hero, the poet makes her speak her sense of marriage very ingenuously; 'I think,' says she, 'I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable woman should expect in a husband.' It is, methinks, unnatural that we are not made to understand how she that was bred under a silly, pious old mother, that would never trust her out of her sight, came to be so polite.

It can not be denied, but that the negligence of every thing which engages the attention of the sober and valuable part of mankind, appears very well drawn in this piece: but it is denied, that it is necessary to the character of a fine gentleman, that he should in that manner trample upon all order and decency. As for the character of Dorimant, it is more of a coxcomb than that of Fopling. He says of one of his companions, that a good correspondence between them is their mutual interest. Speaking of that friend, he declares, their being much together 'makes the women think the better of his understanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation. It makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and me upon others for a very civil person.'

This whole celebrated piece is a perfect contradiction to good manners, good sense, and common honesty, and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the ruin of virtue and innocence, according to the notion of merit in this comedy, I take the shoemaker to be, in reality, the fine gentleman of the play: for it seems he is an Atheist, if we may depend upon his character as given by the orange-woman, who is herself far from being the lowest in the play. She says of a fine man, who is Dorimant's companion, there 'is not such another heathen in the town, except the shoemaker.' His pretension to be the hero of the drama appears still more in his own description of his way of living with his lady. 'There is,' says he, 'never a man in town lives more like a gentleman with his wife than I do; I never mind her motions; she never inquires



into mine. We speak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and because it is vulgar to lie and soak together, we have each of us our several settle-bed.' That of *soaking together* is as good as if Dorimant had spoken it himself; and, I think, since he puts human nature in as ugly a form as the circumstance will bear, and is a stanch unbeliever, he is very much wronged in having no part of the good fortune bestowed in the last act.

To speak plainly of this whole work, I think nothing but being lost to a sense of innocence and virtue can make any one see this comedy, without observing more frequent occasion to move sorrow and indignation, than mirth and laughter. At the same time I allow it to be nature; but it is nature, in its utmost corruption and degeneracy.

R.

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No. 66. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16. *By Steele.*

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos  
Matura virgo, et fingitur artubus  
Jam nunc, et incestos amores  
De tenero meditatur ungui.*

HOR.

Behold a ripe and melting maid  
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade.  
Ionian artists, at a mighty price,  
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,  
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,  
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

ROSCOMMON.

THE two following letters are upon a subject of very great importance, though expressed without any air of gravity.

## TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'I TAKE the freedom of asking your advice in behalf of a young country kinswoman of mine who is lately come to town, and under my care for her education. She is very pretty, but you can not imagine how uninformed a creature it is. She comes to my hands just as nature left her, half finished, and without any acquired improvements. When I look on her, I often think of the Belle Sauvage mentioned in one of your papers. Dear Mr. Spectator, help me to make her comprehend the visible graces of speech and the dumb eloquence of motion; for she is at present a perfect stranger to both. She knows no way to express herself but by her tongue, and that always to signify her meaning. Her eyes serve her yet only to see with, and she is utterly a foreigner to the language of looks and glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than any body. I have bestowed two months in teaching her to sigh when she is not concerned, and to smile when she is not pleased; and am ashamed to own she makes little or no improvement. Then she is no more able now to walk, than she was to go at a year old. By walking, you will easily know I mean that regular but easy motion, which gives our persons so irresistible a grace as if we moved to music, and is a kind of disengaged figure, or, if I may so speak, recitative dancing. But the want of this I can not blame in her, for I find she has no ear, and means nothing by walking but to change her place. I could pardon too her blushing, if she knew how

to carry herself in it, and if it did not manifestly injure her complexion.

‘They tell me you are a person who have seen the world, and are a judge of fine breeding; which makes me ambitious of some instructions from you for her improvement; which when you have favoured me with, I shall further advise with you about the disposal of this fair forester in marriage: for I will make it no secret to you, that her person and education are to be her fortune. I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

‘CELIMENE.’

‘SIR,

‘BEING employed by Celimene to make up and send to you her letter, I make bold to recommend the case therein mentioned to your consideration, because she and I happen to differ a little in our notions. I, who am a rough man, am afraid the young girl is in a fair way to be spoiled: therefore pray, Mr. Spectator, let us have your opinion of this fine thing called *fine breeding*; for I am afraid it differs too much from that plain thing called *good breeding*.

‘Your most humble servant.’

The general mistake among us in the educating our children, is, that in our daughters we take care of their persons and neglect their minds; in our sons we are so intent upon adorning their minds, that we wholly neglect their bodies. It is from this that you shall see a young lady celebrated and admired in all the assemblies about town, when her elder brother is afraid to

come into a room. From this ill management it arises, that we frequently observe a man's life is half spent before he is taken notice of; and a woman in the prime of her years is out of fashion and neglected. The boy I shall consider upon some other occasion, and at present stick to the girl: and I am the more inclined to this, because I have several letters which complain to me that my female readers have not understood me for some days last past, and take themselves to be unconcerned in the present turn of my writing. When a girl is safely brought from her nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple notion of any thing in life, she is delivered to the hands of her dancing master: and with a collar round her neck, the pretty wild thing is taught a fantastical gravity of behaviour, and forced to a particular way of holding her head, heaving her breast, and moving with her whole body; and all this under pain of never having a husband, if she steps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young lady wonderful workings of imagination, what is to pass between her and this husband, that she is every moment told of, and for whom she seems to be educated. Thus her fancy is engaged to turn all her endeavours to the ornament of her person, as what must determine her good and ill in this life; and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wise enough for any thing for which her education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable person, is the main purpose of her parents; to that is all their costs, to that all their care directed; and from this general folly of parents we owe our present numerous race of coquettes. These reflections puzzle

me, when I think of giving my advice on the subject of managing the wild thing mentioned in the letter of my correspondent. But sure there is a middle way to be followed; the management of a young lady's person is not to be overlooked, but the erudition of her mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the mind follow the appetites of the body, or the body express the virtues of the mind.

Cleomira dances with all the elegance of motion imaginable; but her eyes are so chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts, that she raises in her beholders admiration and good-will, but no loose hope or wild imagination. The true art in this case is, to make the mind and body improve together; and, if possible, to make gesture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon gesture.

R.

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No. 67. THURSDAY, MAY 17. *By Mr. E. Budgell.*

*Saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ.*

SALLUST.

Too fine a dancer for a virtuous woman.

LUCIAN, in one of his dialogues, introduces a philosopher chiding his friend for his being a lover of dancing, and a frequenter of balls. The other undertakes the defence of his favourite diversion, which, he says, was at first invented by the goddess Rhea, and preserved the life of Jupiter himself from the cruelty of his father

**Saturn.** He proceeds to show, that it had been approved by the greatest men in all ages; that Homer calls Merion a fine dancer: and says, that the graceful mein and great agility which he had acquired by that exercise, distinguished him above the rest in the armies both of Greeks and Trojans.

He adds, that Pyrrhus gained more reputation by inventing the dance which is called after his name, than by all his other actions; that the Lacedæmonians, who were the bravest people in Greece, gave great encouragement to this diversion, and made their Hormus (a dance much resembling the French Brawl) famous over all Asia; that there were still extant some Thessalian statues erected to the honour of their best dancers; and that he wondered how his brother philosopher could declare himself against the opinions of those two persons, whom he professed so much to admire, Homer and Hesiod; the latter of which compares valour and dancing together; and says, that 'the gods have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a disposition for dancing.'

Lastly. He puts him in mind that Socrates (who, in the judgment of Apollo, was the wisest of men) was not only a professed admirer of this exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old man.

The morose philosopher is so much affected by these, and some other authorities, that he becomes a convert to his friend, and desires he would take him with him, when he went to his next ball.

I love to shelter myself under the examples of great men; and, I think, I have sufficiently showed that it is not below the dignity of these my speculations to take notice of the following letter, which I suppose is sent me by some substantial tradesman about 'Change.

SIR,

'I AM a man in years, and by an honest industry in the world, have acquired enough to give my children a liberal education, though I was an utter stranger to it myself. My eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, has for some time been under the tuition of Monsieur Rigadoon, a dancing-master in the city; and I was prevailed upon by her and her mother to go last night to one of his balls. I must own to you, sir, that having never been at any such place before, I was very much pleased and surprised with that part of his entertainment which he called French dancing. There were several young men and women, whose limbs seemed to have no other motion but purely what the music gave them. After this part was over, they began a diversion which they call *country-dancing*, and wherein there were also some things not disagreeable; and divers *emblematical figures*, composed, as I guess, by wise men, for the instruction of youth.

'Among the rest, I observed one, which I think they call *Hunt the Squirrel*, in which, while the woman flies, the man pursues her; but as soon as she turns, he runs away, and she is obliged to follow.

'The moral of this dance does, I think, very aptly recommend modesty and discretion to the female sex.

‘But as the best institutions are liable to corruptions; so, sir, I must acquaint you, that very great abuses are crept into this entertainment. I was amazed to see my girl handed by, and handing young fellows with so much familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lascivious step called setting, which I know not how to describe to you, but by telling you that it is the very reverse of back to back. At last an impudent young dog bid the fiddlers play a dance called Moll Pately; and after having made two or three capers, ran to his partner, locked his arms in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above ground in such a manner, that I, who sat upon one of the lowest benches, saw farther above her shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure those enormities; wherefore just as my girl was going to be made a whirligig, I ran in, seized on the child, and carried her home.

‘Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a fool—I suppose this diversion might be at first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women, and so far I am not against it; but I shall never allow of these things. I know not what you will say to this case at present, but am sure that had you been with me you would have seen matter of great speculation.

I am yours, &c.’

I must confess I am afraid that my correspondent had too much reason to be a little out of humour at the treatment of his daughter; but I conclude that he would have been much more so, had he seen one of those *kissing dances*, in



which Will Honeycomb assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a minute on the fair one's lips, or they will be too quick for the music, and dance quite out of time.

I am not able however to give my final sentence against this diversion; and am of Mr. Cowley's opinion, that so much of dancing, at least, as belongs to the behaviour and a handsome carriage of the body, is extremely useful, if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such ideas of people at first sight, as we are hardly ever persuaded to lay aside afterwards; for this reason a man would wish to have nothing disagreeable or uncomely in his approaches, and to be able to enter a room with a good grace.

I might add, that a moderate knowledge in the little rules of good breeding gives a man some assurance, and makes him easy in all companies. For want of this, I have seen a professor of a liberal science at a loss to salute a lady; and a most excellent mathematician not able to determine whether he should stand or sit while my lord drank to him.

It is the proper business of a dancing-master to regulate these matters; though I take it to be a just observation; that unless you add something of your own to what these fine gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themselves, you will much sooner get the character of an affected fop than of a well bred man.

As for *country-dancing*, it must indeed be confessed, that the great familiarities between the two sexes on this occasion may sometimes produce very dangerous consequences; and I have

often thought that few ladies' hearts are so obdurat  as not to be melted by the charms of music, the force of motion, and an handsome young fellow who is continually playing before their eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect use of all his limbs.

But as this kind of dance is the particular invention of our own country, and as every one is more or less a proficient in it, I would not discountenance it; but rather suppose it may be practised innocently by others, as well as myself, who am often partner to my landlady's eldest daughter.

## POSTSCRIPT.

Having heard a good character of the collection of pictures which is to be exposed to sale on Friday next; and concluding from the following letter, that the person who collected them is a man of no inelegant taste, I will be so much his friend as to publish it, provided the reader will only look upon it as filling up the place of an advertisement.

*From the Three Chairs in the Piazza, Covent Garden.*

SIR,

May 16, 1711.

As you are a *Spectator*, I think we, who make it our business to exhibit any thing to public view, ought to apply ourselves to you for your approbation. I have travelled Europe to furnish out a show for you, and have brought with me what has been admired in every country

through which I passed. You have declared in many papers, that your greatest delights are those of the eye; which I do not doubt but I shall gratify with as beautiful objects as your's ever beheld. If castles, forests, ruins, fine women, and graceful men, can please you, I dare promise you much satisfaction, if you will appear at my auction on Friday next. A sight is, I suppose, as grateful to a *Spectator*, as a treat to another person; and therefore I hope you will pardon this invitation, from, Sir,

X Your most obedient,  
humble servant,  
J. GRAHAM.'

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No. 68. FRIDAY, MAY 18. *By Addison.*

*Nos duo turba sumus*—Ovid Met. l. 1. 355.  
We two are a multitude.

ONE would think that the larger the company is, in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse: but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude met together upon any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots

of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the first who observed that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and indeed there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant; if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher; I mean the little apochryphal treatise entitled, *The wisdom of the son of Sirach*. How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour! And laid down that precept which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, 'That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends.' 'Sweet language will

multiply friends; and a fair speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.' With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends! And with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humour) has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend! 'If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend who, being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach.' Again, 'Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction; but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face.' What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? 'Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends.' In the next words he particularizes one of those fruits of friendship which is described at length by the two famous authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime: 'A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour (that is, his friend) be also.' I do not remember

to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in a heathen writer: 'Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.' With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of friendship.—'Whoso casteth a stone at the birds, frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favour; if thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every friend will depart.' We may observe in this and several other precepts in this author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: 'Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest

his secrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again: follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be a reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth secrets, is without hope.

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: to these others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and, as Cicero calls it, *morum comitas*, a pleasantness of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain equability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following epigram:

*Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.* Epig. 47. l. 12.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
'Thou'st such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;  
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,  
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one who, by these changes and vicissitudes of humour, is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious; and as most men are at sometimes in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

No. 69. SATURDAY, MAY 19. *By Addison.*

*Hic segetes. illic veniunt felicius uvæ:  
Arboræi fœtus alibi, atque injussa virescunt  
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,  
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?  
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus  
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?  
Continuo hæc leges æternaque fœdera certis  
Imposuit natura locis——* Virg. Geor. 1. v. 54.

This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;  
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;  
A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground;  
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;  
India black ebon and white iv'ry bears,  
And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears:  
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far;  
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war;  
Epirus for the Elean chariot breeds  
(In hopes of palms)-a race of running steeds.  
This is th' original contract; these the laws  
Impos'd by nature, and by nature's cause. DRYDEN.

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an En



glishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of *emporium* for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High Change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the polite world: they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages; sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes, I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was; replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt who just knows me

by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainment. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, inasmuch that at many public solemnities I can not forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every *degree* produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes; the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an India cane. The Philippine islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan comes to

gether from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the Torrid Zone, and the tippet from beneath the Pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indoſtan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pignuts, with other delicacies of the like nature: that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advances towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan; our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth; we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the spice islands our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-

weavers; and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities of life; but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons, there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges its wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the Frozen Zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury!

Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire: it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves. B.

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No. 70. MONDAY, MAY 21. *By Addison.*

*Interdum vulgus rectum videt.* Hor. Ep. 1 l. 2. v. 63.

Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation; which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Moliere, as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his house-keeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney corner; and could foretel the success of his play in the theatre from the reception it met at his fire-side: for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shows the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an epigram of Martial, or a poem of Cowley; so, on the contrary, an ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people, can not fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old song of Chevy-Chace is the favourite ballad of the common people of England; and Ben Jonson used to say, he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of poetry, speaks of it in the following words. 'I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil appalled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?' For my own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critic upon it, without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern critics have laid it down as a rule, that an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian Emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer (*a*) in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the barons (*b*) who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves; or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country: the poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman: that he designed this for the instruction of his poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers.

‘God save the King, and bless the land  
In plenty, joy and peace;  
And grant henceforth that foul debate  
’Twixt noblemen may cease.’

The next point observed by the greatest heroic poets hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their country. Thus Virgil's hero was the founder of Rome, Homer's a prince of Greece; and for this reason Valerius Flaccus and Statius, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece, and the wars of Thebes, for the subjects of their epic writings.

The poet before us has not only found out an hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The English are the first who take the field, and the last who quit it. The English bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the Scotch two thousand. The English keep the field with fifty-three, the Scotch retire with fifty-five; all the rest on each side being slain in battle. . But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind is the different manner in which the Scotch and English Kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great men's deaths who commanded in it.

‘ This news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's King did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news, King James did say;  
Scotland can witness be,  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-Chace.



Now God be with him, said our King,  
Sith 'twill no better be,  
I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred good as he.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,  
But I will vengeance take,  
And be revenged on them all  
For brave Lord Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd  
After on Humble-down,  
In one day fifty knights were slain,  
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest of small account  
Did many thousands die,' &c.

At the same time that our poet shows a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

'Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of the company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.'

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an hero. One of us two, says he, must die: I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: however, says he, it is a pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes; rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.

'Ere thus I will outbraved be,  
One of us two shall die;  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
And great offence to kill  
Any of these our harmless men,  
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside;  
Accurs'd be he, Lord Percy said,  
By whom this is denied.'

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch Earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death; representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall.

' With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart  
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,  
Fight on my merry men all;  
For why, my life is at an end,  
Lord Percy sees my fall.'

*Merry men*, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's *Æneid* is very much to be admired, where Camilla in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the hero of whom we are now speaking) how the battle should be continued after her death.

*Tum sic expirans Accam ex æqualibus unam  
 Alloquitur; fida ante alias quæ sola Cumillæ,  
 Quicum partiri curas; atque hæc ita fatur:  
 Hactenus, Acca soror, potui: nunc vulnus acerbum  
 Conficit, et teſtebris nigreſcunt omnia circum:  
 Effuge, et hæc Turno mandata noviffima perfer;  
 Succedat pugna, Trojanosque arceat urbe:  
 Jamque vale.—* Æn. 11. v. 820.

A gath'ring miſt o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,  
 And from her cheeks the roſy colour flies;  
 Then turns to her, whom of her female train,  
 She truſted moſt, and thus ſhe ſpeaks with pain.  
 Acca, 'tis paſt! he ſwims before my ſight,  
 Inexorable death! and claims his right.  
 Bear my laſt words to Turnus; fly with ſpeed,  
 And bid him timely to my charge ſucceed:  
 Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve.  
 Farewell.— DRYDEN.

Turnus did not die in ſo heroic a manner;  
 though our poet ſeems to have had his eye upon  
 Turnus's ſpeech in the laſt verſe.

‘Lord Percy ſees my fall.’

—*Viciſti, et victum tendere palmas  
 Auſonii videre.*— Æn. 12. v. 936.

The Latian chiefs have ſeen me beg my life. DRYDEN.

Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is  
 generous, beautiful and paſſionate. I muſt only  
 caution the reader not to let the ſimplicity of the  
 ſtyle, which one may well pardon in ſo old a  
 poet, prejudice him againſt the greatneſs of the  
 thought.

‘Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
 The dead man by the hand,  
 And ſaid, Earl Douglas for thy life  
 Would I had loſt my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed  
 With sorrow for thy sake;  
 For sure a more renowned knight  
 Mischance did never take.'

That beautiful line, *taking the dead man by the hand*, will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

*At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,  
 Ora modis Anchisiades pollentia miris;  
 Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque telendit, &c.*  
 Æn. 10. v. 822.

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead:  
 He griev'd, he wept; then grasp'd his hand, and said,  
 Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid  
 To worth so great——

DRYDEN.

I shall take another opportunity to consider  
 the other parts of this old song. C.

No. 71. TUESDAY, MAY 22. *By Steele.*

——*Scribere jussit amor.* Ovid. Epist. 4. v. 10.  
 Love bade me write.

THE entire conquest of our passions is so difficult a work, that they who despair of it should think of a less difficult task, and only attempt to regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the ease, but also to the pleasure of our life: and that is, refining our passions to a greater elegance than we receive them from nature. When the passion is love, this work is performed in innocent, though rude and uncultivated minds, by the mere force and

dignity of the object. There are forms which naturally create respect in the beholders, and at once inflame and chastise the imagination. Such an impression as this gives an immediate ambition to deserve, in order to please. This cause and effect are beautifully described by Mr. Dryden in the fable of Cimon and Iphigenia. After he has represented Cimon so stupid, that

‘He whistled as he went, for want of thought,’  
he makes him fall into the following scene; and shows its influence upon him so excellently, that it appears as natural as wonderful.

‘It happened on a summer’s holiday,  
That to the greenwood shade he took his way;  
His quarter-staff, which he could ne’er forsake,  
Hung half before, and half behind his back.  
He trudg’d along, unknowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went for want of thought.  
By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain’d,  
The deep recesses of the grove he gain’d;  
Where in a plain, defended by the wood,  
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,  
By which an alabaster fountain stood:  
And on the margin of the fount was laid  
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid,  
Like Dian and her nymphs, when tir’d with sport,  
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort;  
The dame herself the goddess well express’d,  
Not more distinguish’d by her purple vest,  
Than by the charming features of her face,  
And even in slumber a superior grace:  
Her comely limbs compos’d with decent care,  
Her body shaded with a light cymarr;  
Her bosom to the view was only bare;  
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,  
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;  
The fanning wind and purling streams continue  
her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,  
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise;  
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,  
New as he was to love, and novice in delight;  
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,  
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;  
Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring sense  
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:  
Doubted for what he was he should be known,  
By his clown-accent, and his country tone.'

But lest this fine description should be excepted against, as the creation of that great master, Mr. Dryden, and not on account of what has really ever happened in the world, I shall give you, *verbatim*, the epistle of an enamoured footman in the country to his mistress. Their surnames shall not be inserted, because their passions demand a greater respect than is due to their quality. James is servant in a great family, and Elizabeth waits upon the daughter of one as numerous, some miles off her lover. James, before he beheld Betty, was vain of his strength, a rough wrestler, and quarrelsome cudgel-player; Betty a public dancer at may-poles, a romp at stool-ball; he always following idle women, she playing among the peasants; he a country bully, she a country coquette. But love has made her constantly in her mistress's chamber, where the young lady gratifies a secret passion of her own, by making Betty talk of James; and James is become a constant waiter near his master's apartment, in reading, as well as he can, romances. I cannot learn who Molly is, who it seems walked ten miles to carry the angry message, which gave occasion to what follows.

## TO ELIZABETH—

' MY DEAR BETTY,

*May 14, 1711.*

REMEMBER your bleeding lover, who lies bleeding at the wounds Cupid made with the arrows he borrowed at the eyes of Venus, which is your sweet person.

Nay more, with the token you sent me for my love and service offered to your sweet person; which was your base respects to my ill conditions; when, alas! there is no ill conditions in me, but quite contrary; all love and purity, especially to your sweet person: but all this I take as a jest.

But the sad and dismal news which Molly brought me, struck me to the heart; which was, it seems, and is, your ill conditions for my love and respects to you.

For she told me, if I came forty times to you, you would not speak with me; which words I am sure is a great grief to me.

Now, my dear, if I may not be permitted to your sweet company, and to have the happiness of speaking with your sweet person, I beg the favour of you to accept of this my secret mind and thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my breast; the which if you do not accept, I believe will go nigh to break my heart.

For indeed, my dear, I love you above all the beauties I ever saw in all my life.

The young gentleman, and my master's daughter, the Londoner that has come down to marry her, sat in the arbour most part of last night. O! dear Betty, must the nightingales sing to those who marry for money, and not to us true lovers! O, my dear Betty, that we could meet this night where we used to do in the wood!

Now, my dear, if I may not have the blessing of kissing your sweet lips, I beg I may have the happiness of kissing your fair hand, with a few lines from your dear self, presented by whom you please or think fit. I believe, if time would permit me, I could write all day: but the time being short, and paper little, no more from your never failing lover till death,

JAMES—(a.)

Poor James! since his time and paper were so short; I, that have more than I can use well of both, will put the sentiments of this kind letter (the style of which seems to be confused with scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not understand) into what he meant to express.

DEAR CREATURE,

CAN you then neglect him who has forgot all his recreations and enjoyments, to pine away his life in thinking of you? When I do so, you appear more amiable to me than Venus does in the most beautiful description that ever was made of her. All this kindness you return with an accusation, that I do not love you; but the contrary is so manifest, that I cannot think you in earnest. But the certainty given me in your message by Molly, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all comfort. She says you will not see me: if you can have so much cruelty, at least write to me, that I may kiss the impression made by your fair hand. I love you above all things; and in my condition, what you look upon with indifference, is to me the most exquisite pleasure or pain. Our young lady, and a fine gentleman from London, who are to marry for mercen-



ends, walk about our gardens, and hear the voice of evening nightingales, as if for fashion-sake they courted those solitudes, because they have heard lovers do so. O Betty! could I hear these rivulets murmur, and birds sing while you stood near me, how little sensible should I be that we are both servants, that there is any thing on earth above us. Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till death itself. JAMES.

N. B. By the words *ill-conditions*, James means, in a woman *coquetry*, in a man *inconstancy*.

No. 72. WEDNESDAY, MAY 23. *By Addison.*

— *Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos  
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.* VIRG.

Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,  
The fortune of the family remains,  
And grandsires' grandsons the long list contains.

DRYDEN.

HAVING already given my reader an account of several extraordinary clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my reader than it was to myself; for which reason I shall communicate it to the public as one of the greatest curiosities in its kind.

A friend of mine, complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle, worthless fellow, who neglect-

ed his family, and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the Everlasting Club. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to inquire into the nature of a club that had such a sounding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account.

THE Everlasting Club consists of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the club sits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means, a member of the Everlasting club never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this club, that the steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in readiness to fill it; inso-much that there has not been a *sede vacante* in the memory of man.

This club was instituted towards the end (or, as some of them say, about the middle) of the civil wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the *great fire*, which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house (which was demolished in order to

stop the fire) and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himself. This steward is frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned in my lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said, that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of jubilee, the club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general club *nemine contradicente*.

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of the Everlasting Club, I should here endeavour to say something of the manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do according to the best lights I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that since their first institution they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogsheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer. There has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said that they observe the law in Ben Jonson's club, which orders the fire to be alwas kept in (*focus perennis esto*) as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire, which

burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above a hundred times.

The Everlasting Club treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the Kit-Cat and October as a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the club; of others who have smoked an hundred pipes at a sitting; of others who have not missed their morning's draught for twenty years together: sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in King Charles's reign; and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whist, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general clubs held in a year; at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessaries.

The senior member has outlived the whole club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.

C.

No. 73. THURSDAY, MAY 24. *By Addison.*

——— *O Dea certe!* Virg. *Æn.* 1. v. 332.

O goddess! for no less you seem.

It is very strange to consider that a creature like man, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by a love of fame; that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery, should contend for praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves objects of admiration.

But notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing

which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the consequences it produces are so good, that for the benefit of mankind it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by Cicero, that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition: and if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense who desire to be admired for that only which deserves admiration; and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of chastity, fidelity, devotion? How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of womankind; as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name.

But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable, so nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom, for certain reasons which<sup>1</sup>

reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers. For this reason your idols appear in all public places and assemblies, in order to seduce men to their worship. The play-house is very frequently filled with *Idols*; several of them are carried in procession every evening about the ring, and several of them set up their worship even in churches. They are to be accosted in the language proper to Deity. Life and death are in their power; joys of heaven and pains of hell are at their disposal; paradise is in their arms, and eternity in every moment that you are present with them. Raptures, transports, and ecstasies are the rewards which they confer: sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them. Their smiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to despair. I shall only add under this head, that Ovid's book of *The Art of Love* is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worship which are made use of to an *Idol*.

It would be as difficult a task to reckon up these different kinds of *Idols*, as Milton's was to number those that were known in Canaan, and the lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like Moloch, in fires and flames. Some of them, like Baal, love to see their votaries cut and slashed, and shedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the Idol in the Apocrypha, must have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It has indeed been known, that some of

them have been used by their incensed worshippers like the Chinese idols, who are whipped and scourged when they refuse to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those idolaters who devote themselves to the *idols* I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of idolaters. For, as others fall out because they worship different idols, these idolaters quarrel because they worship the same.

The intention therefore of the idol is quite contrary to the wishes of the idolaters; as the one desires to confine the *idol* to himself, the whole business and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humour of an *idol* is prettily described in a tale of Chaucer; he represents one of them sitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favour, and paying their adorations: she smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which was under the table. Now which of these three, says the old bard, do you think was the favourite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three.

The behaviour of this old *idol* in Chaucer, puts me in mind of the beautiful Clarinda, one of the greatest *idols* among the moderns. She is worshipped once a week by candle-light, in the midst of a large congregation, generally called an assembly. Some of the gayest youths in the nation endeavour to plant themselves in her eye, while she sits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her idolaters, she bestows a mark of her favour upon every one of them before they go out of her pre-



sence. She asks a question of one, tells a story to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of snuff from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident, to give the fifth an occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his success, and encouraged to renew his devotions on the same canonical hour that day seven-night.

An *idol* may be undeified by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter-*apotheosis*, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.

Old age is likewise a great decayer of your *idol*: the truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a superannuated *idol*, especially when she has contracted such airs and behaviour as are only graceful when her worshippers are about her.

Considering therefore, that in these and many other cases, the *woman* generally outlives the *idol*, I must return to the moral of this paper, and desire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired; in order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them. C.

No. 74. FRIDAY, MAY 25. *By Addison.*

—*Pendent opera interrupta*—Virg *Æn.* 4. v. 88.

The works unfinished and neglected lie.

IN my last Monday's paper (No. 70) I gave some general instances of those beautiful strokes which please the reader in the old song of Chevy-Chace; I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular, and show that the sentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets; for which reason I shall quote several passages of it in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several passages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer from thence, that the poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir Philip Sidney, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude style and evil apparel of this antiquated song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought, but the lan-

guage is majestic, and the numbers sonorous; at least the *apparel* is much more *gorgeous* than many of the poets made use of during Queen Elizabeth's time, as the reader will see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that stanza.

'To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Percy took his way;  
The child may rue that was unborn  
The hunting of that day!'

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

*Audiet pugnas vitio parentum  
Rara juvenus.*

Hor. Od. 2. l. 1. v. 23.

Posterity, thinn'd by their fathers' crimes,  
Shall read with grief the story of their times.

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients than the following stanzas?

'The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish wood  
'Three summer's days to take,'

'With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well, in time of need,  
To aim their shafts aright.'

'The hounds ran swiftly through the woods  
The nimble deer to take,

And with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.'

— *Vocat ingenti Clamore Cithæron*  
*Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:*  
*Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.*

Georg. 3. v. 43.

Cithæron loudly calls me to my way:  
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open and pursue the pray:  
High Epidaurus urges on my speed,  
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses' breed:  
From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound;  
For echo hunts along, and propagates the sound.

DRYDEN.

'Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
All marching in our sight.'  
'All men of pleasant Tivdale,  
Fast by the river Tweed,' &c.

The country of the Scottish warriors, described in these two last verses, has a fine romantic situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse. If the reader compares the foregoing six lines of the song, with the following Latin verses, He will see how much they are written in the spirit of Virgil.

*Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis*  
*Protendunt longe dextris; et spicula vibrant:—*  
*Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ*  
*Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis*  
*Hernica saxa colunt:—qui rosea rura Velini,*  
*Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montenique Severum,*  
*Casperiæque colunt, Forulosque et flumen Himellæ:*  
*Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.'—*

Æn. 11. v. 605. v. 682. 712.

'Advancing in a line, they couch their spears—  
—Prænestes sends a chosen band,  
With those who plow Saturnia's Sabine land:  
Besides the succours which cold Anien yields;

The Rocks of Hernicus——besides a band,  
 That followed from Velinum's dewy land——  
 And mountaineers that, from Severus came;  
 And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica;  
 And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,  
 And where Himella's wanton waters play:  
 Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie  
 By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli.' DRYDEN.

But to proceed:

'Earl Douglas on a milk white steed,  
 Most like a baron bold,  
 Rode foremost of the company,  
 Whose armour shone like gold.'

*'Turnus ut antecolans tardum præcesserat agmen, &c.  
 Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,  
 Aureus——'*

'Our English archers bent their bows,  
 Their hearts were good and true;  
 At the first flight of arrows sent,  
 Full threescore Scots they slew.

They clos'd full fast on every side,  
 No slackness there was found,  
 And many a gallant gentleman  
 Lay gasping on the ground.

With that there came an arrow keen  
 Out of an English bow,  
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart  
 A deep and deadly blow.'

Æneas was wounded after the same manner  
 by an unknown hand in the midst of a parley.

*'Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,  
 Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,  
 Incertum qua pulsa manu——'* Æn. 12. v. 318.

Thus while he spake, unmindful of defence,  
 A winged arrow struck the pious prince,  
 But whether from a human hand it came,  
 Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame. DRYDEN.

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there  
 none more beautiful than the four following

stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or Virgil.

‘So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain:  
An English archer then perceiv’d  
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree.  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Unto the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
So right his shaft he set,  
The gray-goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun:  
For, when they rung the ev’ning bell  
The battle scarce was done.’

One may observe likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain, the author has followed the example of the greatest ancient poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

‘And with Earl Douglas there was slain  
Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field  
One foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too;  
His sister’s son was he:  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem’d,  
Yet saved could not be.’

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description; for this reason I do

not mention this part of the poem but to show the natural cast of thought which appears in it as the two last verses look almost like a translation of Virgil.

—*Cadit et Ripheus, justissimus unus  
Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui,  
Dius aliter visum est*—— Æn. 2. v. 426.

Then Ripheus fell in the unequal fight,  
Just of his word, observant of the right:  
Heav'n thought not so, DRYDEN.

In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied your little buffoon readers, who have seen that passage ridiculed in Hudibras, will not be able to take the beauty of it; for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

'Then stept a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, I would not have it told  
To Henry our king for shame,  
That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.'

We meet with the same heroic sentiment in Virgil.

*Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam  
Obiectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui  
Non sumus?*—— Æn. 12. v. 229.

For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the sight  
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?  
Can we, before the face of heav'n, confess  
Our courage colder, or our numbers less? DRYDEN.

What can be more natural or more moving than the circumstances in which he describes the be-

haviour of those women, who had lost their husbands on this fatal day.

‘Next day did many widows come  
 Their husbands to bewail;  
 They wash’d their wounds in brinish tears,  
 But all would not prevail.  
 Their bodies bath’d in purple blood,  
 They bore with them away:  
 They kiss’d them dead a thousand times,  
 When they were clad in clay.’

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding; and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the Gothic manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil. C.

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No. 75. SATURDAY, MAY 26. *By Steele.*

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.* HOR. ●

All fortune fitted Aristippus well. CREECH.

It was with some mortification that I suffered the raillery of a fine lady of my acquaintance



for calling, in one of my papers, (No. 65.) Dorimant a clown. She was so unmerciful as to take advantage of my invincible taciturnity, and on that occasion with great freedom to consider the air, the height, the face, the gesture of him who could pretend to judge so arrogantly of gallantry. She is full of motion, janty, and lively in her impertinence, and one of those that commonly pass among the ignorant for persons who have a great deal of humour. She had the play of sir *Fopling* in her hand: and after she had said it was happy for her there was not so charming a creature as Dorimant now living, she began with a theatrical air and tone of voice to read, by way of triumph over me, some of his speeches. 'It is she, that lovely air, that easy shape, those wanton eyes, and all those melting charms about her mouth, which Medley spoke of: I'll follow the lottery, and put in for a prize with my friend Bellair.

In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly;  
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

Then turning over the leaves, she reads alternately and speaks,

And you and Loveit to her cost shall find  
I fathom all the depths of womankind.

Oh the fine gentleman! but here, continues she, is the passage I admire most, where he begins to tease Loveit, and mimic sir *Fopling*: Oh the pretty satire, in his resolving to be a coxcomb to please, since noise and nonsense have such powerful charms

I, that I may successful prove,  
'Transform myself to what you love.

Then how like a man of the town, so wild and gay is that!

The wise will find a difference in our fate,  
You wed a woman, I a good estate.

It would have been a very wild endeavour for a man of my temper to offer any opposition to so nimble a speaker as my fair enemy is; but her discourse gave me very many reflections when I had left her company. Among others, I could not but consider, with some attention, the false impressions the generality (the fair sex more especially) have of what should be intended, when they say a *fine gentleman*, and could not help revolving that subject in my thoughts, and settling as it were, an idea of that character in my own imagination.

No man ought to have the esteem of the rest of the world, for any actions which are disagreeable to those maxims which prevail, as the standard of behaviour in the country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal rules of reason and good sense; must be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man. I did not, I confess, explain myself enough on this subject, when I called Dorimant a clown, and made it an instance of it that he called the orange wench, *double tripe*; I should have shown that humanity obliges a gentleman to give no part of human kind reproach, for what they; whom they reproach, may possibly have in common with the most virtuous and worthy among us. When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose: the clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a man's talk a

corrupt imagination, is a much greater offence against the conversation of gentlemen than any negligence of dress imaginable. But this sense of the matter is so far from being received among people even of condition, that Vocifer passes for a fine gentleman. He is loud, haughty, gentle, soft, lewd, and obsequious by turns, just as a little understanding and great impudence prompt him at the present moment. He passes among the silly part of our women for a man of wit, because he is generally in doubt. He contradicts with a shrug, and confutes with a certain sufficiency, in professing such or such a thing is above his capacity. What makes his character the pleasanter is, that he is a professed deluder of women; and because the empty coxcomb has no regard to any thing that is of itself so sacred and inviolable. I have heard an unmarried lady of fortune say, it is a pity so fine a gentleman as Vocifer is so great an atheist. The crowds of such inconsiderable creatures that infest all places of assembling, every reader will have in his eye from his own observation; but would it not be worth considering what sort of figure a man who formed himself upon those principles among us, which are agreeable to the dictates of honour and religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary occurrences of life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several duties of life better than Ignotus. All the under parts of his behaviour, and such as are exposed to common observation, have their rise in him from great and noble motives. A firm and unshaken expectation of another life makes him become this; humanity and good nature, fortified

by the sense of virtue, has the same effect upon him as the neglect of all goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes men's actions look easy, appears in him with greater beauty; by a thorough contempt of little excellencies, he is perfectly master of them. This temper of mind leaves him under no necessity of studying his air; and he has this peculiar distinction that his negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himself into a pleasure in considering this being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful unconcern and a gentleman-like ease. Such a one does not behold his life as a short, transient, perplexing state, made up of trifling pleasures and great anxieties; but sees it in quite another light; his griefs are momentary, and his joys immortal. Reflection upon death is not a gloomy and sad thought of resigning every thing that he delights in, but it is a short night followed by an endless day. What I would here contend for is, that the more virtuous the man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the character of genteel and agreeable. A man whose fortune is plentiful, shows an ease in his countenance, and confidence in his behaviour, which he that is under wants and difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the state of the mind; he that governs his thoughts with the everlasting rules of reason and sense, must have something so inexpressibly graceful in his words and actions, that every circumstance must become him. The

change of persons or things around him do not at all alter his situation, but he looks disinterested in the occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest purpose of his life is to maintain an indifference both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a fine gentleman, is to be a generous and a brave man. What can make a man so much in constant good humour, and shine, as we call it, as to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befall him, or else he on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all?

R.

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No. 76. MONDAY, MAY 28. *By Steele.*

*Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse feremus.* HOR.

As you your fortune bear, we will bear you. CREECH.

THERE is nothing so common as to find a man, whom, in the general observation of his carriage, you take to be of an uniform temper, subject to such unaccountable starts of humour and passion, that he is as much unlike himself, and differs as much from the man you at first thought him, as any two distinct persons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the want of forming some law of life to ourselves, or fixing some notion of things in general, which may affect us in such a manner as to create proper habits both in our minds and bodies. The negligence of this leaves us exposed, not only to an unbecoming levity in our usual conversation, but

also to the same instability in our friendships, interests, and alliances. A man who is but a mere spectator of what passes around him, and not engaged in commerces of any consideration, is but an ill judge of the secret motions of the heart of man, and by what degrees it is actuated to make such visible alterations in the same person: but at the same time, when a man is no way concerned in the effect of such inconsistencies in the behaviour of men of the world, the speculation must be in the utmost degree both diverting and instructive; yet, to enjoy such observations in the highest relish, he ought to be placed in a post of direction, and have the dealings of their fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with some pieces of secret history, which an antiquary, my very good friend, lent me as a curiosity. They are memoirs of the private life of Pharamond of France. 'Pharamond, says my author, was a Prince of infinite humanity and generosity, and at the same time the most pleasant and facetious companion of his time. He had a peculiar taste in him (which would have been unlucky in any prince but himself:) he thought there could be no exquisite pleasure in conversation but among equals; and would pleasantly bewail himself that he always lived in a crowd, but was the only man in France that could never get into company. This turn of mind made him delight in midnight rambles, attended only with one person of his bed-chamber; he would in these excursions get acquainted with men, whose temper he had a mind to try, and recommend them privately to the particular observation of his first minister. He

generally found himself neglected by his new acquaintance as soon as they had hopes of growing great; and used on such occasions to remark, that it was great injustice to tax princes of forgetting themselves in their high fortunes, when there were so few that could with constancy bear the favour of their very creatures.' My author in these loose hints has one passage that gives us a very lively idea of the uncommon genius of Pharamond. He met with one man whom he had put to all the usual proofs he had made of those he had a mind to know thoroughly, and found him for his purpose; in discourse with him one day, he gave him an opportunity of saying how much would satisfy all his wishes. The prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the sum, and spoke to him in this manner. 'Sir, you have twice what you desired, by the favour of Pharamond; but look to it, that you are satisfied with it, for it is the last you shall ever receive. I from this moment consider you as mine; and to make you truly so, I give you my royal word you shall never be greater or less than you are at present.

Answer me not (concluded the prince smiling) but enjoy the fortune I have put you in, which is above my own condition; for you have hereafter nothing to hope or to fear.'

His majesty having thus well chosen and bought a friend and companion, he enjoyed alternately all the pleasures of an agreeable private man and a great and powerful monarch: he gave himself, with his companion, the name of the merry tyrant; for he punished his courtiers for their insolence and folly, not by any act of public disfavour, but by humorously practising

upon their imaginations. If he observed a man untractable to his inferiors, he would find an opportunity to take some favourable notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all his own looks, words, and actions, had their interpretations; and his friend Monsieur Eucrate (for so he was called) having a great soul without ambition, he could communicate all his thoughts to him, and fear no artful use would be made of that freedom. It was no small delight when they were in private, to reflect upon all which had passed in public.

Pharamond would often, to satisfy a vain fool of power in his country, talk to him in a full court, and with one whisper make him despise all his old friends and acquaintance. He was come to that knowledge of men, by long observation, that he would profess altering the whole mass of blood in some tempers, by thrice speaking to them. As fortune was in his power, he gave himself constant entertainment in managing the mere followers of it with the treatment they deserved. He would, by a skilful cast of his eye, and half a smile, make two fellows who hated, embrace, and fall upon each other's necks with as much eagerness as if they followed their real inclinations, and intended to stifle one another. When he was in high good humour, he would lay the scene with Eucrate, and on a public night exercise the passions of his whole court. He was pleased to see an haughty beauty watch the looks of the man she had long despised, from observation of his being taken notice of by Pharamond; and the lover conceive higher hopes, than to follow the woman he was dying for the day



before. In a court, where men speak affection in the strongest terms, and dislike in the faintest, it was a comical mixture of incidents to see disguises thrown aside in one case, and increased on the other, according as favour or disgrace attended the respective objects of men's approbation or disesteem.—Pharamond, in his mirth upon the meanness of mankind, used to say, 'As he could take away a man's five senses, he could give him an hundred. The man in disgrace shall immediately lose all his natural endowments, and he that finds favour have the attributes of an angel.' He would carry it so far as to say, 'It should not be only so in the opinion of the lower part of his court, but the men themselves shall think thus meanly or greatly of themselves, as they are out or in the good graces of the court.'

A monarch who had wit and humour like Pharamond, must have pleasures which no man else can ever have opportunity of enjoying. He gave fortune to none but those whom he knew could receive it without transport: he made a noble and generous use of his observations; and did not regard his ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his kingdom: by this means the king appeared in every officer of state; and no man had a participation of the power who had not a similitude of the virtue of Pharamond.

R.

See Nos. 84, 97.

No. 77. TUESDAY, MAY 29. By Mr. E. Budgell.

*Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota  
Quisquam est tam prope tam proculque nobis.* MART.

What correspondence can I hold with you,  
Who are so near, and yet so distant too?

My friend Will Honeycomb is one of those sort of men who are very often absent in conversation, and what the French call *à reveur* and *à distrait*. A little before our club-time last night, we were walking together in Somerset Garden, where Will had picked up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to a friend of his, an eminent *virtuoso*. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop, with my face towards the west, which Will knowing to be my usual method of asking what's o'clock, in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his watch and told me we had seven minutes good. We took a turn or two more; when to my great surprise I saw him squir away his watch a considerable way into the Thames, and with great sedateness in his looks put up the pebble he had before found in his fob. As I have naturally an aversion to much speaking, and do not love to be the messenger of ill news, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his mistake in due time, and continued my walk, reflecting on these little absences and distractions in mankind, and resolving to make them the subject of a future speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my design, when I considered that they were very often blemishes

in the characters of men of excellent sense; and helped to keep up the reputation of that Latin proverb, which Mr. Dryden has translated in the following lines:

‘Great wit to madness sure is near ally’d,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.’

My reader does, I hope, perceive that I distinguish a man who is absent, because he thinks of something else, from one who is absent, because he thinks of nothing at all: the latter is too innocent a creature to be taken notice of; but the distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these reasons.

Either their minds are wholly fixed on some particular science, which is often the case with mathematicians and other learned men; or are wholly taken up with some violent passion, such as anger, fear, or love, which ties the mind to some distant object; or lastly, these distractions proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man’s temper, which while it raises up infinite numbers of ideas in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the thoughts and conceptions of such a man, which are seldom occasioned either by the company he is in, or any of those objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful woman, it is an even wager that he is solving a proposition in Euclid; and while you may imagine he is reading the Paris Gazette, it is far from being impossible, that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same infirmity myself. The method I took to conquer it was a firm resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of thinking if a man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of any thing. I can at present observe those starts of good sense and struggles of unimproved reason in the conversation of a clown, with as much satisfaction as the most shining periods of the most finished orator; and can make a shift to command my attention at a puppet-show or an opera, as well as at Hamlet or Othello. I always make one of the company I am in; for though I say little myself, my attention to others, and those nods of approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently show I am among them.—Whereas Will Honeycomb, though a fellow of good sense, is every day doing and saying a hundred things which he afterwards confesses, with a well-bred frankness, were somewhat *mal à-propos*, and undesigned.

I chanced the other day to go into a coffee-house, where Will was standing in the midst of several auditors whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an account of the person and character of Moll Hinton. My appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that keeping his eyes full upon me to the great surprise of his audience, he broke off his first harangue and proceeded thus:—  
'Why now there's my friend, (mentioning me by

my name,) he is a fellow that thinks a great deal, but never opens his mouth; I warrant you he is now thrusting his short face into some coffee-house about 'Change. I was his bail in the time of the Popish plot, when he was taken up for a Jesuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole company must necessarily have found me out; for which reason, remembering the old proverb, out of sight out of mind, I left the room; and upon meeting him an hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of good humour, in what part of the world I lived, that he had not seen me these three days.

Monsieur Bruyere has given us the character of an *absent man*, with a great deal of humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable extravagance; with the heads of it I shall conclude my present paper.

'Menalcas (says that excellent author) comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his night-cap on; and examining himself further, finds that he is but half shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and walking bolt upright under a branch of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a laughing, but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court gate he

finds a coach, which taking for his own he whips into it, and the coachman drives off not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the staircase, and runs through all the chambers with the greatest familiarity, reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in, Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas is no less so, but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undeceived.

‘ When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water: it is his turn to throw: he has the box in one hand and his glass in the other; and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription: a nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: “I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter.” His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, “My Lord, I received your Grace’s commands with an entire submission to ——” If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate. It is true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep

long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner; and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has a hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him: the truth of it is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any man, nor any thing else. He came once from his country-house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded: they held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purse; he did so, and coming home told his friends he had been robbed; they desired to know the particulars; "Ask my servants (says Menalcas) for they were with me.

X.

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No. 78. WEDNESDAY, MAY 30. *By Steele.*

*Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses!*

Could we but call so great a genius ours!

THE following letters are so pleasant, that I doubt not but the reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this day's entertainment, but taking the sentence from the end of the Cambridge letter, and placing

it at the front of my paper, to show the author I wish him my companion with as much earnestness as he invites me to be his.

‘SIR,

‘I SEND you the enclosed, to be inserted (if you think them worthy of it) in your *Spectators*; in which so surprising a genius appears, that it is no wonder if all mankind endeavours to get somewhat into a paper which will always live.

‘As to the Cambridge affair, the humour was really carried on in the way I describe it. However, you have a full commission to put out or in, and to do whatever you think fit with it. I have already had the satisfaction of seeing you take that liberty with some things I have before sent you.

‘Go on, sir, and prosper. You have the best wishes of, sir, your very affectionate and obliged humble servant.’ (a)

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

*Cambridge.*

‘You well know it is of great consequence to clear titles, and it is of importance that it be done in the proper season; on which account this is to assure you that the *Club of Ugly Faces* was instituted originally at CAMBRIDGE in the merry reign of King Charles II. As in great bodies of men it is not difficult to find members enough for such a club, so, I remember, it was then feared, upon their intention of dining together, that the hall belonging to CLAREHALL (the ugliest *then* in the town, though now the neatest) would not be large enough *handsomely* to hold the company. Invitations were made to great numbers, but very few accepted them without much difficulty. One



pleaded, that being at London, in a bookseller's shop, a lady going by with a great belly longed to kiss him. He had certainly been excused but that evidence appeared, that indeed one in London did pretend she longed to kiss him, but that it was only a pick-pocket, who during his kissing her stole away all his money. *Another* would have got off by a dimple in his chin; but it was proved upon him, that he had by coming into a room made a woman miscarry, and frightened two children into fits. *A third* alleged, that he was taken by a lady for another gentleman, who was one of the handsomest in the university; but upon inquiry it was found that the lady had actually lost one eye, and the other was very much upon the decline. *A fourth* produced letters out of the country in his vindication, in which a gentleman offered him his daughter, who had lately fallen in love with him, with a good fortune; but it was made appear that the young lady was amorous, and had like to have run away with her father's coachman, so that it was supposed, that her pretence of falling in love with him was only in order to be well married. It was pleasant to hear the several excuses which were made, inasmuch that some made as much interest to be excused as they would from serving sheriff; however at last the society was formed, and proper officers were appointed; and the day was fixed for the entertainment, which was in *venison season*. A pleasant fellow of King's College, commonly called *Crab* from his sour look, and the only man who did not pretend to get off, was nominated for chaplain; and nothing was wanting but some one to sit in the elbow-chair, by way

of *President*, at the upper end of the table; and there the business stuck, for there was no contention for superiority *there*. This affair made so great a noise, that the King, who was then at Newmarket, heard of it, and was pleased merrily and graciously to say, *He could not be there himself, but he would send them a brace of bucks.*

‘I would desire you, sir, to set this affair in a true light, that posterity may not be misled. in so important a point; for when *the wise man who shall write your true history* shall acquaint the world, that you had a *Diploma* sent from the Ugly Club at OXFORD, and that by virtue of it you were admitted into it; what a learned war will there be among *future critics* about the original of that club, which both universities will contend so warmly for? And perhaps some hardy *Cantabrigian* author may then boldly affirm, that the word OXFORD was an interpolation of some Oxonian instead of CAMBRIDGE. This affair will be best adjusted in your life-time; but I hope your affection for your *Mother* will not make you partial to your *Aunt*.

‘To tell you, sir, my own opinion: though I can not find any ancient records of any acts of the *Society of the Ugly Faces*, considered in a public capacity; yet in a private one they have certainly antiquity on their side. I am persuaded they will hardly give place to the *Loungers*, and the *Loungers* are of the same standing with the university itself.

‘Though we well know, sir, you want no motives to do justice, yet I am commissioned to tell you, that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at CAMBRIDGE; and I believe I may venture

safely to deliver this as the wish of our whole university.'

‘TO MR. SPECTATOR.

‘*The humble petition of WHO and WHICH,*  
‘SHOWETH,

‘THAT your petitioners being in a forlorn and destitute condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for relief, because there is hardly any man alive who hath not injured us. Nay, we speak it with sorrow, even You yourself, whom we should suspect of such a practice the last of all mankind, can hardly acquit yourself of having given us some cause of complaint. We are descended of ancient families, and kept up our dignity and honour many years, till the jacksprat THAT supplanted us. How often have we found ourselves slighted by the clergy in their pulpits, and the lawyers at the bar? Nay, how often have we heard in one of the most polite and august assemblies in the universe, to our great mortification, these words, *That THAT that noble lord urged:* which, if one of us had had justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, *That WHICH that noble lord urged.* Senates themselves, the guardians of British liberty, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no decree was ever given against us. In the very acts of parliament, in which the utmost right should be done to every *Body, Word, and Thing*, we find ourselves often either not used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best prayer children are taught, they learn to misuse us; *Our Father WHICH art in heaven*, should be, *Our Father WHO art in heaven;* and even a Convo-

CATION, after long debates, refused to consent to an alteration of it. In our General Confession we say—*Spare thou them, O God, WHICH confess their faults*, which ought to be, *WHO confess their faults*. What hopes then have we of having justice done us, when the makers of our very prayers and laws, and the most learned in all faculties seem to be in a confederacy against us, and our enemies themselves must be our judges?

‘The Spanish proverb says, *El sabio muda consejo, et necia no: i. e.* “A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will.” So that we think you, sir, a very proper person to address to, since we know you to be capable of being convinced, and changing your judgment. You are well able to settle this affair, and to you we submit our cause. We desire you to assign the butts and bounds of each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by our counsel, but that we fear in their very pleadings they would betray our cause: besides, we have been oppressed so many years, that we can appear in no other way, but *in forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to right and justice shall appertain. And your petitioners,’ &c. R.

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No. 79. THURSDAY, MAY 31. *By Steele.*

*Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.* Hor. Ep. 16. l. 1. v. 52.  
The good, for virtue's sake, abhor to sin. CREECH.

I HAVE received very many letters of late from my female correspondents, most of whom are

very angry with me for abridging their pleasures, and looking severely upon things in themselves indifferent. But I think they are extremely unjust to me in this imputation: all I contend for is, that those excellencies which are to be regarded but in the second place, should not precede more weighty considerations. The heart of man deceives him in spite of the lectures of half a life spent in discourses on the subjection of passion; and I do not know why one may not think the heart of woman as unfaithful to itself. If we grant an equality in the faculties of both sexes, the minds of women are less cultivated with precepts, and consequently may, without disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to illusion in cases wherein natural inclination is out of the interest of virtue. I shall take up my present time in commenting upon a billet or two which came from ladies, and from thence leave the reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is possible fine women may be mistaken.

The following address seems to have no other design in it, but to tell me the writer will do what she pleases for all me.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I AM young, and very much inclined to follow the paths of innocence; but at the same time, as I have a plentiful fortune and am of quality, I am unwilling to resign the pleasures of distinction, some little satisfaction in being admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a gentleman whom I design to make my husband. But I have a mind to put off entering into matrimony till another winter is over my head, which (whatever, musty sir, you may think of the matter) I

design to pass away in hearing music, going to plays, visiting, and all other satisfactions which fortune and youth, protected by innocence and virtue, can procure for, sir,

‘Your most humble servant, M. T.’

‘My lover does not know I like him, therefore having no engagements upon me, I think to stay and know whether I may like any one else better.’

I have heard Will Honeycomb say, ‘A woman seldom writes her mind, but in her postscript.’ I think this gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered her’s in this. I will lay what wager she pleases against her present favourite, and can tell her that she will like ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst man she ever liked in her life. There is no end of affection taken in at the eyes only; and you may as well satisfy those eyes with seeing, as controul any passion received by them only. It is from loving by sight that coxcombs so frequently succeed with women; and very often a young lady is bestowed by her parents to a man who weds her (as innocence itself) though she has, in her own heart, given her approbation of a different man in every assembly she was in the whole year before. What is wanting among women, as well as among men, is the love of laudable things, and not to rest only in the forbearance of such as are reproachful.

How far removed from a woman of this light imagination is Eudisia! Eudisia has all the arts of life and good-breeding with so much ease, that the virtue of her conduct looks more like instinct than choice. It is as little difficult to her

to think justly of persons and things, as it is to a woman of different accomplishments to move ill or look awkward. That which was at first the effect of instruction is grown into a habit; and it would be as hard for Eudisia to indulge a wrong suggestion of thought, as it would be to Flavia, the fine dancer, to come into a room with an unbecoming air.

But the misapprehensions people themselves have of their own state of mind, is laid down with much discerning in the following letter, which is but an extract of a kind epistle from my charming mistress, Hecatissa, who is above the vanity of external beauty, and is the better judge of the perfections of the mind.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I WRITE this to acquaint you, that very many ladies, as well as myself, spend many hours more than we used at the glass, for want of the female library of which you promised us a catalogue. I hope, sir, in the choice of authors for us, you will have a particular regard to books of devotion. What they are, and how many, must be your chief care; for upon the propriety of such writings depends a great deal. I have known those among us who think, if they every morning and evening spend an hour in their closet, and read over so many prayers in six or seven books of devotion, all equally nonsensical, with a sort of warmth (that might as well be raised by a glass of wine or a dram of citron) they may all the rest of their time go on in whatever their particular passion leads them to. The beauteous Philautia, who is (in your language) an *idol*, is one of these votaries; she has a very pretty furnished closet,

to which she retires at her appointed hours: this is her dressing room, as well as chapel; she has constantly before her a large looking-glass, and upon the table, according to a very witty author,

Together lie her prayer-book and paint,  
At once t' improve the sinner and the saint.

‘ It must be a good scene, if one could be present at it, to see this *idol* by turns lift up her eyes to heaven, and steal glances at her own dear person. It can not but be a pleasant conflict between vanity and humiliation. When you are upon this subject, choose books which elevate the mind above the world; and give a pleasing indifference to little things in it. For want of such instructions, I am apt to believe so many people take it in their heads to be sullen, cross, and angry, under pretence of being abstracted from the affairs of this life; when at the same time they betray their fondness for them by doing their duty as a task, and pouting and reading good books for a week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the indiscretion of the books themselves, whose very titles of weekly preparations, and such limited godliness, lead people of ordinary capacities into great errors, and raise in them a mechanical religion, entirely distinct from morality. I know a lady so given up to this sort of devotion, that though she employs six or eight hours of the twenty-four at cards, she never misses one constant hour of prayer, for which time another holds her cards, to which she returns with no little anxiousness till two or three in the morning. All these acts are but empty shows, and, as it were, compliments made to virtue; the mind



is all the while untouched with any true pleasure in the pursuit of it. From hence I presume it arises that so many people call themselves virtuous, from no other pretence to it but an absence of ill. There is Dulcianara, the most insolent of all creatures to her friends and domestics, upon no other pretence in nature but that (as her silly phrase is) no one can say black is her eye. She has no secrets, forsooth, which would make her afraid to speak her mind, and therefore she is impertinently blunt to all her acquaintance, and unreasonably imperious to all her family. Dear sir, be pleased to put such books into our hands, as may make our virtue more inward, and convince some of us that in a mind truly virtuous the scorn of vice is always accompanied with the pity of it. This and other things are impatiently expected from you by our whole sex; among the rest, by, sir, your most humble servant,  
R. ‘B. D.’

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No. 80. FRIDAY, JUNE 1. *By Steele.*

*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.* HOR.  
Those that beyond sea go, will sadly find,  
They change their climate only, not their mind. CREECH.

IN the year 1688, and on the same day of that year, were born in Cheapside, London, two females of exquisite feature and shape; the one we shall call Brunetta, the other Phyllis. A close intimacy between their parents made each of them the first acquaintance the other knew in the world. They played, dressed babies, acted visitings, learned to dance and make courtesies

together. They were inseparable companions in all the little entertainments their tender years were capable of: which innocent happiness continued till the beginning of their fifteenth year, when it happened that Phyllis had a head-dress on, which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with pleasure for their amity to each other, the eyes of the neighbourhood were turned to remark them with comparison of their beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the ease of mind, and pleasing indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their words and actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every excellence in their speech and behaviour was looked upon as an act of emulations to surpass the other. These beginnings of disinclination soon improved into a formality of behaviour, a general coldness, and by natural steps, into an irreconcilable hatred.

These two rivals for the reputation of beauty were in their stature, countenance and mien so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their absence, the words in which you described the one must give you an idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their sex was, that in detraction from each other neither could fall upon terms which did not hit herself as much as her adversary. Their nights grew restless with meditation of new dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new devices to recal admirers, who observed the charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last meeting. Their

colours failed at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their countenances withered upon instances of applause. The decencies to which woman are obliged, made these virgins stifle their resentment so far as not to break into open violences, while they equally suffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the quarrel, and supported the several pretensions of their daughters with all that ill-chosen sort of expense which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taste. The girls preceded their parents like queens of May, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every Sunday to church, and were exposed to the examination of the audience for superiority of beauty.

During this constant struggle, it happened that Phyllis one day at public prayers smote the heart of a gay West Indian, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This American in a summer-island suit was too shining and too gay to be resisted by Phyllis, and too intent upon her charms to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of Brunetta. Soon after, Brunetta had the mortification to see her rival disposed of in a wealthy marriage, while she was only addressed to in a manner that showed she was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. Phyllis was carried to the habitation of her spouse in Barbadoes: Brunetta had the ill-nature to inquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous slaves, fanned into slumbers by successive bands of them, and carried from

place to place in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. Brunetta could not endure these repeated advices, but employed all her arts and charms in laying baits for any of condition of the same island, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her design, and was taken to wife by a gentleman whose estate was contiguous to that of her enemy's husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many occasions on which these irreconcilable beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of time it happened that a ship put into the island consigned to a friend of Phyllis; who had directions to give her the refusal of all goods for apparel, before Brunetta could be alarmed of their arrival. He did so, and Phyllis was dressed in a few days in a brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that latitude. Brunetta languished at the sight, and could by no means come up to the bravery of her antagonist. She communicated her anguish of mind to a faithful friend, who by an interest in the wife of Phyllis's merchant, procured a remnant of the same silk for Brunetta. Phyllis took pains to appear in all public places where she was sure to meet Brunetta; Brunetta was now prepared for the insult, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua, attended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phyllis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company, upon which the unhappy Phyllis swooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her house. As soon as she came to herself she fled from her husband's house, went on board a ship in the road,

and is now landed in inconsolable despair at Plymouth.

# POSTSCRIPT.

After the above melancholy narration, it may perhaps be a relief to the reader to peruse the following expostulation.

‘TO MR. SPECTATOR.

‘*The just remonstrance of affronted THAT.*

‘THOUGH I deny not the petition of Mr. *Who* and *Which*, yet you should not suffer them to be rude, and to call honest people names; for that bears very hard on some of those rules of decency which you are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault and correct speeches in the senate and at the bar; but let them try to get *themselves* so often, and with so much eloquence, repeated in a sentence, as a great orator doth frequently introduce me.

‘My lords! (says he) with humble submission, *That*, that I say is this: that, *That* that that gentleman has advanced, is not *That* that he should have proved to your lordships. Let those two questionary petitioners try to do thus with their *whos* and their *whiches*.

What great advantage was I of to Mr. Dryden in his *Indian Emperor*,

‘*You force me still to answer you in That*,  
‘to furnish out a rhyme to Morat? And what a poor figure would Mr. Bayes have made without his *Egad and all That!* How can a judicious man distinguish one thing from another, without saying *This here*, or *That there?* And how can a sober man; without using the *expletives* of oaths (in which indeed the rakes and bullies have a great

advantage over others) make a discourse of any tolerable length, without *That is*: and if he be a very grave man indeed, without *That is to say*? And how instructive, as well as entertaining, are those usual expressions, in the mouths of great men, *Such things as That*, and *the like of That*.

“I am not against reforming the corruptions of speech you mention, and own there are proper seasons for the introduction of other words besides *That*: but I scorn as much to supply the place of a *who* or a *which* at every turn, as they are *unequal* always to fill mine; and I expect good language and civil treatment, and hope to receive it for the future. *That*, that I shall only add is, that I am yours,  
 R. ‘THAT.’

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No. 81. SATURDAY, JUNE 2. *By Addison.*

*Qualis ubi audito venantium murmure tigris*

*Horruit in maculas——*

STATIUS.

As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,

A thousand angry spots defile her skin.

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theatre in the Hay-Market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently, the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another: and that their patches were placed in those different

situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. (a) Upon inquiry I found, that the body of Amazons on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my left, Tories; and that those who had placed themselves in the middle-boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory side of the face. The censorious say that the men, whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasion that one part of the face is thus dishonoured; and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honour, who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage articles a lady has stipulated with her hus-

band, that, whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous Whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given a handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the Whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and, like the hanging out of false colours, made some of the converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclination, to patch on the Whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled, by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry; or, as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper,

‘———She swells with angry pride,  
And calls forth all her spots on ev’ry side.’

When I was in the theatre the time above-



mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the Tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I can not tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they out-numbered the enemy.

This account of party patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world, but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatreds and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to in-

terest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece,

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers, and faithful wives, rather than as furious partisans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be showing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence; which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, show themselves so truly public-spirited, as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the cele-

brated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedæmonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shown them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; 'And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other.'

C.

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No. 82. MONDAY, JUNE 4. *By Steele.*

— *Caput domina venale sub hasta.* Juv. Sat. 3. v. 33.

His fortune's ruin'd and himself a slave.

PASSING under Ludgate (a) the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the grate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box; I was out of countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a crown. I went away, reflecting upon the strange constitution of some men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all sorts of conditions. The person who begged of me is now, as I take it, fifty; I was well acquainted with him till about the age of twenty-five; at which time a good estate fell to him by the death of a relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good fortune, he ran into all the extravagancies imaginable; was frequently in drunken

disputes, broke drawers' heads, talked and swore loud, was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark that it was the same baseness of spirit which worked in his behaviour in both fortunes: the same little mind was insolent in riches, and shameless in poverty. This accident made me muse upon the circumstance of being in debt in general, and solve in my mind what tempers were most apt to fall into this error of life, as well as the misfortune it must needs be to languish under such pressures. As for myself, my natural aversion to that sort of conversation which makes a figure with the generality of mankind, exempts me from any temptations to expense; and all my business lies within a very narrow compass, which is only to give an honest man who takes care of my estate proper vouchers for his quarterly payments to me, and observe what linen my laundress brings and takes away with her once a-week: my steward brings his receipts ready for my signing; and I have a pretty implement with the respective names of shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs, and stockings, with proper numbers, to know how to reckon with my laundress. This being almost all the business I have in the world for the care of my own affairs, I am at full leisure to observe upon what others do with relation to their equipage and economy.

When I walk the street, and observe the hurry about me in this town,

'Where, with like haste, thro' diff'rent ways they run,  
Some to undo, and some to be undone; *Cooper's Hill.*

I say, when I behold this vast variety of persons and humours, with the pains they both take for

the accomplishment of the ends mentioned in the above verses of Denham, I can not much wonder at the endeavour after gain; but am extremely astonished that men can be so insensible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible a man who is given to contract debts should not know that his creditor has from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to, in his debtor's honour, liberty and fortune. One would think he did not know, that his creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, *That he is unjust*, without defamation; and can seize his person, without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition than to be ashamed or afraid to see any one man breathing? yet he that is much in debt, is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumstances wherein men of honest natures may become liable to debts, by some unadvised behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honesty as a security for that of another, and the like; but these instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they can not come within general considerations: for one such case as one of these, there are ten, where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur, within his own house, shall shrink at the expectation of surly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal, and all the officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many per-

sons in authority to make good his charge against him. Human society depends upon his having the vengeance law allots him; and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour as much as the murderer does his life to his prince.

Our gentry are, generally speaking, in debt: and many families have put it into a kind of method of being so from generation to generation. The father mortgages when his son is very young; and the boy is to marry as soon as he is at age, to redeem it, and find portions for his sisters: This, forsooth, is no great inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a public table, or feed dogs, like a worthy English gentleman, till he has out-run half his estate, and leave the same incumbrance upon his first-born; and so on, till one man of more vigour than ordinary goes quite through the estate, or some man of sense comes into it, and scorns to have an estate in partnership, that is to say, liable to the demand or insult of any man living. There is my friend Sir Andrew, though for many years a great and general trader, was never the defendant in a law-suit, in all the perplexity of business, and the iniquity of mankind at present: no one had any colour for the least complaint against his dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its proportion as laudable, in a citizen, as it is in a general never to have suffered a disadvantage in fight. How different from this gentleman is Jack Truepenny, who has been an old acquaintance of Sir Andrew and myself from boys, but could never learn our caution. Jack has a whorish unresisting good nature, which makes him incapable of having a property in any thing. His fortune,

his reputation, his time, and his capacity, are at any man's service that comes first. When he was at school he was whipped thrice a-week for faults he took upon him to excuse others; since he came into the business of the world he has been arrested twice or thrice a-year for debts he had nothing to do with, but as surety for others; and I remember when a friend of his had suffered in the vice of the town, all the physic his friend took was conveyed to him by Jack, and inscribed, 'A bolus or an electuary for Mr. Truepenny.' Jack had a good estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to demands upon it. This easiness and credulity destroy all the other merit he has; and he has all his life been a sacrifice to others, without ever receiving thanks, or doing one good action.

I will end this discourse with a speech which I heard Jack make to one of his creditors, (of whom he deserved gentler usage) after lying a whole night in custody at his suit.

'SIR,

'YOUR ingratitude for the many kindnesses I have done you, shall not make me unthankful for the good you have done me, in letting me see there is such a man as you in the world. I am obliged to you for the diffidence I shall have all the rest of my life: I shall hereafter trust no man so far as to be in his debt.'

R.

No. 83. TUESDAY, JUNE 5. *By Addison.*

——— *Animum pictura pascit inani.*

VIRG.

And with an empty picture feeds his mind. DRYDEN.

WHEN the weather hinders me from taking my diversions without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three select friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under covert. My principal entertainments of this nature are pictures; insomuch, that when I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery, that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, and all nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some few weeks ago in a course of these diversions; which had taken such an entire possession of my imagination, that they formed in it a short morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my reader rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision than as a finished piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.



On the side of the living, I saw several persons busy in drawing, colouring, and designing; on the side of the dead painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceedingly slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the living. The first I observed at work in this part of the gallery was *Vanity*, with his hair tied behind him in a ribbon, and dressed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his judges, bishops, and privy counsellors; in a word, all his men were *petits maitres*, and all his women *coquettes*. The drapery of his figures was extremely well suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be mixed together; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of *Vanity* stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a German, and had a very hard name that sounded something like *Stupidity*.

The third artist that I looked over was *Fantasque*, dressed like a Venetian scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at chimera, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most

elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his picture so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity) faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to despatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was *Avarice*. \* \*

Not far from this artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of *Industry*. His figures were wonderfully laboured. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that seemed to show themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sunshine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out, *Fire*.

The five foregoing artists were the most considerable on this side the gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busy in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature

that was before overcharged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on the side of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was *Envy*.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. Raphael's figures stood in one row, Titian's in another, Guido Reni's in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by Hannibal Carrache, another by Corregio, and another by Rubens. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their being to these several masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and clothes; so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man (who was the same person I before mentioned, as the only artist that was at work on this side of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and, after a thousand touches, scarce produced any visible effect

in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch, without rest or intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure. He also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be *Time.* (a)

Whether it were because the thread of my dream was at an end, I can not tell, but upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me. C.

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No. 84. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6. *By Steele.*

—*Quis talia fando*

*Myrmidonum, Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulyssæi*

*Temperet a lachrymis?*

VIRG. *Æn.* 2. v. 6.

Who can such woes relate, without a tear,  
As stern Ulysses must have wept to hear?

LOOKING over the old manuscripts wherein the private actions of Pharamond are set down by way of table-book, I found many things which gave me great delight; and as human life turns upon the same principles and passions in all ages, I thought it very proper to take minutes of what passed in that age, for the instruction of this. The antiquary who lent me these papers,

gave me a character of Eucrate, the favourite of Pharamond, extracted from an author who lived in that court. The account he gives both of the prince and this his faithful friend, will not be improper to insert here, because I may have occasion to mention many of their conversations, into which these memorials of them may give light.

‘Pharamond, when he had a mind to retire for an hour or two from the hurry of business and fatigue of ceremony, made a signal to Eucrate, by putting his hand to his face, placing his arm negligently on a window, or some such action as appeared indifferent to all the rest of the company. Upon such notice, unobserved by others (for their entire intimacy was always a secret) Eucrate repaired to his own apartment to receive the king. There was a secret access to this part of the court, at which Eucrate used to admit many whose mean appearance in the eyes of the ordinary waiters and door-keepers made them be repulsed from other parts of the palace.

‘Such as these were let in here by the order of Eucrate, and had audiences of Pharamond. This entrance Pharamond called *the gate of the unhappy*; and the tears of the afflicted who came before him, he would say, were bribes received by Eucrate; for Eucrate had the most compassionate spirit of all men living, except his generous master, who was always kindled at the least affliction which was communicated to him. In the regard for the miserable, Eucrate took particular care, that the common forms of distress, and the idle pretenders to sorrow, about courts, who wanted only supplies to luxury, should ne-

ver obtain favour by his means: but the distresses which arise from the many inexplicable occurrences that happen among men, the unaccountable alienation of parents from their children, cruelty of husbands to their wives, poverty occasioned from shipwreck or fire, the falling out of friends, or such other terrible disasters to which the life of man is exposed; in cases of this nature Eucrate was the patron; and enjoyed this part of the royal favour so much without being envied, that it was never inquired into by whose means what no one else cared for doing, was brought about.

‘One evening when Pharamond came into the apartment of Eucrate, he found him extremely dejected; upon which he asked (with a smile which was natural to him) “What, is there any one too miserable to be relieved by Pharamond, that Eucrate is melancholy? I fear there is,” answered the favourite, a person without, of a good air, well dressed, and though a man in the strength of his life, seems to faint under some inconsolable calamity: all his features seem suffused with agony of mind; but I can observe in him, that it is more inclined to break away in tears than rage. I asked him what he would have? He said he would speak to Pharamond. I desired his business; he could hardly say to me, Eucrate, carry me to the king, my story is not to be told twice, I fear I shall not be able to speak it at all.” Pharamond commanded Eucrate to let him enter; he did so, and the gentleman approached the king with an air which spoke him under the greatest concern in what manner to demean himself. The king, who had a quick discerning,

relieved him from the oppression he was under, and with the most beautiful complacency said to him, "Sir, do not add to that load of sorrow I see in your countenance, the awe of my presence: think you are speaking to your friend: if the circumstances of your distress will admit of it, you shall find me so." To whom the stranger said: "O excellent Pharamond, name not a friend to the unfortunate Spinamont. (a) I had one, but he is dead by mine own hand; but, O Pharamond, though it was by the hand of Spinamont, it was by the guilt of Pharamond. I come not, O excellent prince, to implore your pardon; I come to relate my sorrow, a sorrow too great for human life to support: from henceforth shall all occurrences appear dreams or short intervals of amusement, from this one affliction, which has seized my very being: pardon me, O Pharamond, if my griefs give me leave, that I lay before you, in the anguish of a wounded mind, that you, good as you are, are guilty of the generous blood spilt this day by this unhappy hand; O that it had perished before that instant!" Here the stranger paused, and recollecting his mind, after some little meditation, he went on in a calmer tone and gesture as follows:

"There is an authority due to distress, and as none of human race is above the reach of sorrow, none should be above the hearing the voice of it; I am sure Pharamond is not. Know then, that I have this morning unfortunately killed, in a duel, the man whom of all men living I most loved. I command myself too much in your royal presence, to say, Pharamond, give me my

friend! Pharamond has taken him from me! I will not say, shall the merciful Pharamond destroy his own subjects? Will the father of his country murder his people? But the merciful Pharamond does destroy his subjects, the father of his country does murder his people. Fortune is so much the pursuit of mankind, that all glory and honour is in the power of a prince, because he has the distribution of their fortunes. It is therefore the inadvertency, negligence, or guilt of princes, to let any thing grow into custom which is against their laws. A court can make fashion and duty walk together; it can never, without the guilt of a court, happen, that it shall not be unfashionable to do what is unlawful. But, alas! in the dominions of Pharamond, by the force of a tyrant custom, which is misnamed a point of honour, the duellist kills his friend whom he loves; and the judge condemns the duellist, while he approves his behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all evils; what avail laws, when death only attends the breach of them, and shame obedience to them? As for me, O Pharamond, were it possible to describe the nameless kinds of compunctions and tendernesses I feel, when I reflect upon the little accidents in our former familiarity, my mind swells into sorrow which can not be resisted enough to be silent in the presence of Pharamond." "With that he fell into a flood of tears, and wept aloud." "Why should not Pharamond hear the anguish he only can relieve others from in time to come? Let him hear from me, what they feel who have given death by the false mercy of his administration, and form to himself the



vengeance called for by those who have perished by his negligence.”’ (b)

No. 85. THURSDAY, JUNE 7. *By Addison.*

*Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte  
Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,  
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,  
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.* **HOR.**

Sometimes in rough and undigested plays,  
We meet with such a lucky character,  
As being humour'd right, and well pursu'd,  
Succeeds much better than the shallow verse,  
And chiming trifles of more studious pens.

**ROSCOMMON.**

It is the custom of the Mahometans, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some pieces of their Alcoran. I must confess I have so much of the Mussulman in me, that I can not forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear; for as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may, some time or other, be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the essays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember, in particular, after having read over a poem of an eminent author

on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in squibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. Baxter under a christmas pye. Whether or no the pastry cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious *viande*, I know not; but, upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an idea of the author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have often profited by these accidental readings, and have sometimes found very curious pieces, that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the shops of our London booksellers. For this reason, when my friends take a survey of my library, they are very much surprised to find, upon the shelf of folios, two long band-boxes standing upright upon my books, till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep erudition and abstruse literature. I might likewise mention a paper kite, from which I have received great improvement; and a hat-case, which I would not exchange for all the beavers in Great Britain. This my inquisitive temper, or rather impertinent humour of prying into all sorts of writing, with my natural aversion to loquacity, gives me a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country; for I can not for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last piece that I met with upon this occasion gave me most exquisite pleasure. My reader will think I am not serious, when I ac-

quaint him that the piece I am going to speak of was the old ballad of the Two Children in the Wood, which is one of the darling songs of the common people, and has been the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age.

This song is a plain simple copy of nature, destitute of the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty, tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion. The incidents grow out of the subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite pity; for which reason the whole narration has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the author of it (whoever he was) has delivered it in such an abject phrase and poorness of expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a design of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before said, from one end to the other, are natural, and therefore can not fail to please those who are not judges of language, or those who, notwithstanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taste of nature. The condition, speech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with the age, innocence, and distress of the children, are set forth in such tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumstance of the Robin Red-breast, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to show

the genius of the author, amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the Latin poets has made use of upon a parallel occasion; I mean that passage in Horace, where he describes himself, when he was a child; fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him.

*Me fabulosæ Vulturæ in Apulo,  
Altriciæ extra limen Apuliæ,  
Ludo fatigatumque somno  
Fronde nova puerum palumbes  
Texere——*

Od. 4. l. 3. v. 9.

In lofty vulture's rising grounds,  
Without my nurse Apulia's bounds,  
When young and tir'd with sport and play,  
And bound with pleasing sleep I lay,  
Doves cover'd me with myrtle boughs.      CHRECH.

I have heard that the late lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics, as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour.

I might likewise refer my reader to Moliere's thoughts on this subject, as he has expressed them in the character of the Misanthrope; but those only who are endowed with a true greatness of soul and genius can divest themselves of the little images of ridicule, and admire nature in her simplicity and nakedness. As for the little conceited wits of the age, who can only show their judgment by finding fault, they can not be

supposed to admire these productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art.

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No. 86. FRIDAY, JUNE 8. *By Addison.*

*Hec quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!* OVID.

How in the looks does conscious guilt appear! ADDISON.

THERE are several arts which all men are in some measure masters of, without having been at the pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a grammarian and a logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of grammar or logic, as they are delivered in books and systems. In the same manner every one is in some degree a master of that art which is generally distinguished by the name of Physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the character or fortune of a stranger from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons, before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.

Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some

feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eyebrow call a man a scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die in dumb show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed myself from Charing-Cross to the Royal Exchange in drawing the character of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a sour rivelled face, I can not forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, think on the happiness of his friends, his family and relations.

I can not recollect the author of a famous saying to a stranger who stood silent in his company, 'Speak, that I may see thee.' But with submission, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance. In this case, however, I think the air of the whole face is much more expressive than the lines of it: the truth of it is, the air is generally nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.

Those who have established Physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging men's tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. Martial has a pretty epigram on this subject:

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus:  
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

EPIG.

Thy beard and head are of a diff'rent dye;  
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:  
With all these tokens of a knave complete,  
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish cheat.

I have seen a very ingenious author on this subject, who founds his speculations on the supposition, that as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeness to that of an ox, a sheep, a lion, a hog, or any other creature, he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little overcharging the likeness, discovers the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features (*a*). I remember in the life of the famous prince of Condè, the writer observes, the face of that prince was like the face of an eagle, and that the prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his mind some general implicit notion of this art of physiognomy, which I have just now mentioned; and that when his courtiers told him his face was made like an eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his looks which showed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether or no the different motions of the animal spirits, in different passions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time, I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, in spite of all those marks and signatures which nature seems to have

set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those who, instead of being exasperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beauties which are more lasting and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity: and have observed a certain cheerfulness in as bad a system of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice: in many such cases the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary instance of this nature. There chanced to be a great physiognomist in his time at Athens, who had made strange discoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances: Socrates' disciples, that they might put this artist to the trial, carried him to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination of his face, the physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falsehood and vanity of his art. But Socrates told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which the physiognomist had discovered in his



countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with by the dictates of philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient author, that Socrates very much resembled Silenus in his face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from the statues and busts of both, that are still extant; as well as on several antique seals and precious stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however observations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred against a person of worth, or fancy a man to be proud or ill-natured by his aspect, whom we think we can not esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character? Dr. Moore, in his admirable *System of Ethics*, reckons this particular inclination to take a prejudice against a man for his looks among the smaller vices in morality; and, if I remember, gives it the name of a *Prosopolepsia*. L.

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No. 87. SATURDAY, JUNE 9. *By Steele.*

From the Letter-box.

— *Nimium ne crede colori.*

VIRG. ECL. 2. v. 17.

Trust not too much to an enchanting face. DRYDEN.

It has been the purpose of several of my speculations to bring people to an unconcerned be-

haviour, with relation to their persons, whether beautiful or defective. As the secrets of the Ugly Club were exposed to the public, that men might see there were some noble spirits in the age, who are not at all displeased with themselves upon considerations which they had no choice in; so the discourse concerning *Idols* tended to lessen the value people put upon themselves from personal advantages and gifts of nature. As to the latter species of mankind, the beauties, whether male or female, they are generally the most untractable people of all others. You are so excessively perplexed with the particularities in their behaviour, that to be at ease, one would be apt to wish there were no such creatures. They expect so great allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main, a man with a better person than ordinary, and a beautiful woman, might be very happily changed for such to whom nature has been less liberal. The handsome fellow is usually so much a gentleman, and the fine woman hath something so becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my choice to mix with cheerful ugly creatures, rather than gentlemen who are graceful enough to omit or do what they please; or beauties who have charms enough to do and say what would be disobliging in any but themselves.

Diffidence and presumption upon account of our persons are equally faults; and both arise from the want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know ourselves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed, I did not imagine these little considerations and coquetries

could have the ill consequences as I find they have by the following letters of my correspondents, where it seems beauty is thrown into the account in matters of sale, to those who receive no favour from the charmers.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

*June 4.*

‘AFTER I have assured you I am in every respect one of the handsomest young girls about town, I need be particular in nothing but the make of my face, which has the misfortune to be exactly oval. This I take to proceed from a temper that naturally inclines me both to speak and hear.

‘With this account, you may wonder how I can have the vanity to offer myself as a candidate, which I now do, to a society, where the Spectator and Hecatissa have been admitted with so much applause. I don’t want to be put in mind how very defective I am in every thing that is ugly: I am too sensible of my own unworthiness in this particular, and therefore I only propose myself as a foil to the club.

‘You see how honest I have been to confess all my imperfections, which is a great deal to come from a woman, and what I hope you will encourage with the favour of your interest.

‘There can be no objection made on the side of the matchless Hecatissa, since it is certain I shall be in no danger of giving her the least occasion of jealousy; and then a joint stool in the very lowest place at the table is all the honour that is coveted by your most humble and obedient servant.

ROSALINDA.

‘P. S. I have sacrificed my necklace to put into the public lottery against the common enemy.

And last Saturday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I began to patch indifferently on both sides of my face.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, *London, June 7, 1711.*

'UPON reading your late dissertation concerning *Idols*, I can not but complain to you that there are, in six or seven places of this city, coffee-houses kept by persons of that sisterhood. These *idols* sit and receive all day long the adoration of the youth within such and such districts; I know in particular goods are not entered as they ought to be at the custom house, nor law-reports perused at the Temple, by reason of one beauty who detains the young merchants too long near 'Change, and another fair one who keeps the students at her house when they should be at study. It would be worth your while to see how the idolaters alternately offer incense to their *idols*, and what heart burnings arise in those who wait for their turn to receive kind aspects from ~~at~~ those little thrones, which all the company, but ~~these~~ *lovers*, call the bars. I saw a gentleman turn as pale as ashes, because an *idol* turned the sugar into a tea-dish for his rival, and carelessly called the boy to serve him, with a "Sirrah! why don't you give the gentleman the box to please himself?" Certain it is, that a very hopeful young man was taken with leads in his pockets, below a bridge, where he intended to drown himself, because his *idol* would wash the dish in which she had but just drank tea, before she would let him use it.

'I am sir, a person past being amorous, and do not give this information out of envy or jealousy, but I am a real sufferer by it. These *lovers* take any thing for tea and coffee; I saw

one yesterday surfeit to make his court; and all his rivals, at the same time, loud in the commendation of liquors that went against every body in the room that was not in love. While these young fellows resign their stomachs with their hearts, and drink at the *idol* (a) in this manner, we who come to do business, or talk politics, are utterly poisoned; they have also drams for those who are more enamoured than ordinary; and it is very common for such as are too low in constitution to ogle the *idol* upon the strength of tea, to fluster themselves with warmer liquors; thus all pretenders advance, as fast as they can, to a fever or a diabetes. I must repeat to you, that I do not look with an evil eye upon the profit of the *idols*, or the diversions of the lovers, what I hope from this remonstrance is only that we plain people may not be served as if we were idolaters: but that from the time of publishing this in your paper, the *idols* would mix ratsbane only for their admirers, and take more care of us who do not love them. I am, sir, yours,  
 R. T. T.'

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No. 88. MONDAY, JUNE 11. *By Steele.*

*Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?* VIRG.

What will not masters do, when servants thus presume?

‘MR. SPECTATOR.

*May 30, 1711.*

‘I HAVE no small value for your endeavours to lay before the world what may escape their observation, and yet highly conduces to their service. You have, I think, succeeded very well on many

subjects; and seem to have been conversant in very different scenes of life. But in the considerations of mankind, as a Spectator, you should not omit circumstances which relate to the inferior part of the world, any more than those which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is, the general corruption of manners in the servants of Great Britain. I am a man that have travelled and seen many nations, but have for seven years last past resided constantly in London, or within twenty miles of it. In this time I have contracted a numerous acquaintance among the best sort of people, and have hardly found one of them happy in their servants. This is matter of great astonishment to foreigners, and all such as have visited foreign countries; especially since we can not but observe, that there is no part of the world where servants have those privileges and advantages as in England: they have no where else such plentiful diet, large wages, or indulgent liberty. There is no place where ~~when~~ they labour less, and yet where they are so ~~little~~ respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change their masters. To this I attribute, in a great measure, the frequent robberies and losses which we suffer on the high road and in our own houses. That, indeed, which gives me the present thought of this kind is, that a careless groom of mine has spoiled me the prettiest pad in the world with only riding him ten miles; and I assure you, if I were to make a register of all the horses I have known thus abused by negligence of servants, the number would mount a regiment. I wish you would give us your observations, that

we may know how to treat these rogues, or that we masters may enter into measures to reform them. Pray give us a speculation in general about servants, and you make me yours,

‘PHILO-BRITANNICUS.’

‘P. S. Pray do not omit the mention of grooms in particular.’

This honest gentleman, who is so desirous that I should write a satire upon grooms, has a great deal of reason for his resentment: and I know no evil which touches all mankind so much as this of the misbehaviour of servants.

The complaint of this letter runs wholly upon men servants; and I can attribute the licentiousness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what an hundred ‘before me have ascribed it to, the custom of giving board wages: this one instance of false economy is sufficient to debauch the whole nation of servants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their time in that quality. They are either attending in places where they meet and run into clubs, or else if they wait at taverns, they eat after their masters, and reserve their wages for other occasions. From hence it arises, that they are but in a lower degree what their masters themselves are; and usually affect an imitation of their manners: and you have in liveries, beaux, fops and coxcombs, in as high perfection as among people that keep equipages. It is a common humour among the retinue of people of quality, when they are in their revels, that is, when they are out of their masters’ sight, to assume in a humorous way the names and titles of those whose liveries they wear. By which means characters and distinctions become

so familiar to them, that it is to this among other causes, one may impute a certain insolence among our servants; that they take no notice of any gentleman, though they know him ever so well, except he is an acquaintance of their masters.

My obscurity and taciturnity leave me at liberty, without scandal, to dine, if I think fit, at a common ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous house of entertainment. Falling in the other day at a victualling house near the House of Peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my lord bishop swore he would throw her out at the window, if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my lord duke would have a double mug of purl. My surprise was increased, in hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility; until of a sudden one came running in, and cried the house was rising. Down came all the company together, and away! the ale-house was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an earl, three quarts to my new lord for wetting his title, and so forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowds of servants, and their insolence, near the courts of justice, and the stairs towards the supreme assembly, where there is an universal mockery of all order, such riotous clamour and licentious confusion, that one would think the whole nation lived in jest, and that there was no such thing as rule and distinction among us.

The next place of resort, wherein the servile world are let loose, is at the entrance of Hyde-



Park, while the gentry are at the ring. (s) Hither people bring their lacques out of state, and here it is that all they say at their tables, and act in their houses, is communicated to the whole town. There are men of wit in all conditions of life; and mixing with these people at their diversions, I have heard coquetts and prudes as well rallied, and insolence and pride exposed (allowing for their want of education) with as much humour and good sense as in the politest companies. It is a general observation, that all dependents run in some measure into the manners and behaviour of those whom they serve; you shall frequently meet with lovers and men of intrigue among the lacques, as well as at White's, or in the side boxes. I remember some years ago an instance of this kind. A footman to a colonel of the guards used frequently, when his master was out of the way, to carry on amours and make assignations in his master's clothes. The fellow had a very good person, and there are very many women that think no further than the outside of a gentleman: besides which he was almost as learned a man as the colonel himself; I say, thus qualified, the fellow could scrawl billet-doux so well, and furnish a conversation on the common topics, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good business on his hands. It happened one day, that coming down a tavern stairs in his master's fine guard coat, with a well dressed woman masked, he met the colonel coming up with other company: but with a ready assurance he quitted his lady, came up to him, and said, 'Sir, I know you have too much respect for yourself to cane me in this honourable habit; but you see there is a lady in the case,

and I hope on that score also you will put off your anger till I have told you all another time.' After a little pause the colonel cleared up his countenance, and with an air of familiarity whispered his man apart, 'Sirrah, bring the lady with you to ask pardon for you;' then aloud, 'look to it, Will, I'll never forgive you else.' The fellow went back to his mistress, and telling her with a loud voice and an oath, that was the honestest fellow in the world, conveyed her to a hackney coach.

But the many irregularities committed by servants in the places abovementioned, as well as in the theatres, of which masters are generally the occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another occasion.

R.

No. 89. TUESDAY, JUNE 12. *By Addison.*

— *Petite hinc, juvenesque senesque,  
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.  
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quasi magnum,  
Nempe diem donas? sed cum lux altera venit,  
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras  
Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultra.  
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno,  
Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum.* PERS.

*Pers.* From thee both old and young, with profit learn  
The bonds of good and evil to discern.

*Corn.* Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,  
And to to-morrow would the search delay;  
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

*Pers.* But is one day of ease too much to borrow?

*Corn.* Yes, sure: for yesterday was once to-morrow,  
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd;  
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd:  
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,  
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;  
Who, like the hindmost chariot wheels are curst,  
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first. DRYDEN.

As my correspondents upon the subject of love are very numerous, it is my design, if possible to range them under several heads, and address myself to them at different times. The first branch of them, to whose service I shall dedicate this paper, are those that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for spinning out the time of courtship to an immoderate length, without being able either to close with their lovers or to dismiss them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints against this sort of women. In one of them, no less a man than a brother of the coif (*a*) tells me, that he began his suit *vicesimo nono Caroli secundi*, before he had been a twelve month at the temple; that he pro-

secuted it for many years after he was called to the bar; that at present he is a serjeant at law; and notwithstanding he hoped that matters would have been long since brought to an issue, the fair one still *demurs*. I am so well pleased with this gentleman's phrase, that I shall distinguish this sect of women by the title of *Demurrers*. I find by another letter from one who calls himself Thyrsis, that his mistress has been demurring above these seven years. But among all my plaintiffs of this nature, I most pity the unfortunate Philander, a man of a constant passion and plentiful fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute Sylvia has demurred till she is past child-bearing. Strephon appears by his letter to be a very choleric lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurs out of self-interest. He tells me with great passion that she has bubbled him out of his youth; that she drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old age, if she can find her account in another. I shall conclude this narrative with a letter from honest Sam Hopewell, a very pleasant fellow, who it seems has at last married a *demurrer*: I must only premise, that Sam, who is a very good bottle-companion, has been the diversion of his friends upon account of his passion ever since the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-one.

‘DEAR SIR.

‘You know very well my passion for Mrs. Martha, and what a dance she has led me; she took me out at the age of two and twenty, and dodged with me above thirty years. I have loved her

till she has grown as gray as a cat, and am with much ado become the master of her person, such as it is at present. She is, however, in my eye, a very charming old woman. We often lament that we did not marry sooner, but she has nobody to blame for it but herself: you know very well that she would never think of me while she had a tooth in her head. I have put the date of my passion (*anno amoris trigesimo primo*) instead of a posy on my wedding-ring. I expect you should send me a congratulatory letter, or if you please, an *epithalamium* upon this occasion.

‘Mrs. Martha’s and your’s eternally,  
SAM HOPEWELL.’

In order to banish an evil out of the world, that does not only produce great uneasiness to private persons, but has also a very bad influence on the public, I shall endeavour to show the folly of *demurrage*, from two or three reflections, which I earnestly recommend to the thoughts of my fair readers.

First of all, I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the flood, a lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had she nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the Jews before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But alas! she ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

In the second place I would desire my female reader to consider, that as the term of life is short, that of beauty is much shorter. The finest skin wrinkles in a few years, and loses the strength of its colouring so soon, that we have scarce time to admire it. I might embellish this subject with roses and rainbows, and several other ingenious conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another opportunity.

There is a third consideration which I would likewise recommend to a demurrer, and that is the great danger of her falling in love when she is about threescore, if she can not satisfy her doubts and scruples before that time. There is a kind of *latter spring* that sometimes gets into the blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an animal. I would therefore have the demurrer consider what a strange figure she will make, if she chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final resolution in that unseasonable part of her life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural modesty in the sex, which renders a retreat from the first approaches of a lover both fashionable and graceful: all that I intend is, to advise them, when they are prompted by reason and inclination, to demur only out of form, and so far as decency requires. A virtuous woman should reject the first offer of marriage, as a good man does that of a bishopric: but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this particular propose the example of Eve to all her daughters, as Milton has represented her in the following

passage, which I can not forbear transcribing entire, though only the twelve last lines are to my present purpose.

‘The rib he form’d and fashion’d with his hands;  
Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
Man like, but diff’rent sex: so lovely fair!  
That what seem’d fair in all the world seem’d now  
Mean, or in her summ’d up, in her contain’d,  
And into her looks; which from that time infus’d  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before:  
And into all things from her air inspir’d  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.

‘She disappear’d, and left me dark! I wak’d  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure.

When out of hope, behold her! not far off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn’d  
With what all earth or heav’n could bestow  
To make her amiable. On she came,  
Led by her heav’nly Maker, though unseen,  
And guided by his voice; nor uninform’d  
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites;  
Grace was in all her steps, heav’n in her eye,  
In every gesture, dignity and love!  
I, overjoy’d could not forbear aloud;

“This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill’d  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!  
Giver of all things fair! but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself”——

‘She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,  
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo’d and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir’d.  
The more desirable: or, to say all,  
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn’d  
I follow’d her; she what was honour knew,

And with obsequious majesty approv'd  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r  
 I led her blushing like the morn.'——

L.

No. 90. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13. *By Addison.*

——*Magnus sine viribus ignis*

*Incasum furit*——

VIRG. Georg. 3. v. 99.

In vain he burns, like hasty stubble fires. DRYDEN.

THERE is not, in my opinion, a consideration more effectual to extinguish inordinate desires in the soul of man, than the notions of Plato and his followers upon that subject. They tell us, that every passion which has been contracted by the soul during her residence in the body, remains with her in a separate state; and that the soul in the body, or out of the body, differs no more than the man does from himself, when he is in his house, or in the open air. When therefore the obscene passions in particular have once taken root, and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the body is cast off and thrown aside. As an argument to confirm this their doctrine, they observe, that a lewd youth who goes on in a continued course of voluptuousness, advances by degrees into a libidinous old man; and that the passion survives in the mind, when it is altogether dead in the body; nay, that the desire grows more violent, and (like all other habits) gathers strength by age, at the same time that it has no power of executing its own purposes. If, say they, the soul is the most subject to these passions at a time when it has the least instigations from the



body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very substance of the soul is festured with them, the gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the inflammation will rage to all eternity.

In this, therefore, (say the Platonists) consists the punishment of a voluptuous man after death; he is tormented with desires which it is impossible for him to gratify, solicited by a passion that has neither objects nor organs adapted to it; he lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns in the pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this reason (says Plato) that the souls of the dead appear frequently in cemeteries, and hover about the places where their bodies are buried, as still hankering after their old brutal pleasures, and desiring again to enter the body that gave them an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent divines have made use of this Platonic notion, so far as it regards the subsistence of our passions after death, with great beauty and strength of reason. Plato indeed carries the thought very far, when he grafts upon it his opinion of ghosts appearing in places of burial. Though I must confess if one did believe that the departed souls of men and women wandered up and down in these lower regions, and entertained themselves with the sight of their species, one could not devise a more proper hell for an impure spirit than that which Plato has touched upon.

The ancients seem to have drawn such a state of torments in the description of Tantalus, who was punished with the rage of an eternal thirst,

and set up to the chin in water that fled from his lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

Virgil, who has cast the whole system of Platonic philosophy, so far as it relates to the soul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the sixth book of his *Æneid*, gives us the punishment of a voluptuary after death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of.

— *Lucent genialibus altis*

*Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ*

*Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta*

*Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas;*

*Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.*

ÆN.

They lie below on golden beds display'd,  
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made;  
The queen of furies by their side is set,  
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat;  
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,  
Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears. DRYDEN.

That I may a little alleviate the severity of this my speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite readers,) I shall translate a story that has been quoted upon another occasion by one of the most learned men of the present age, as I find it in the original. The reader will see it is not foreign to my present subject, and I dare say will think it a lively representation of a person lying under the torments of such a kind of *Tantalism* or *Platonic* hell as that which we have now under consideration. Monsieur Pontignan, speaking of a love adventure that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it. (a)

‘When I was in the country last summer, I was often in company with a couple of charming women, who had all the wit and beauty one could

desire in female companions, with a dash of coquetry, that, from time to time, gave me a great many agreeable torments. I was, after my way, in love with both of them, and had such frequent opportunities of pleading my passion to them when they were asunder, that I had reason to hope for particular favours from each of them. As I was walking one evening in my chamber with nothing about me but my night-gown, they both came into my room and told me they had a very pleasant trick to put upon a gentleman that was in the same house, provided I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me such a plausible story, that I laughed at their contrivance, and agreed to do whatever they should require of me. They immediately began to swaddle me up in my night-gown with long pieces of linen, which they folded about me till they had wrapped me in above an hundred yards of swathe: my arms were pressed to my sides, and my legs closed together by so many wrappers one over another, that I looked like an Egyptian mummy. As I stood bolt-upright upon one end in this antique figure, one of the ladies burst out a-laughing.' 'And now, Pontignan,' says she, 'we intend to perform the promise that we find you have extorted from each of us. You have often asked the favour of us, and I dare say you are a better bred cavalier than to refuse to go to bed to two ladies that desire it of you.' 'After having stood a fit of laughter, I begged them to uncase me, and do with me what they pleased. No, no, said they, we like you very well as you are; and upon that ordered me to be carried to one of their houses, and put to bed in all my swaddles. The room was lighted up on all

sides; and I was laid very decently between a pair of sheets, with my head (which was indeed the only part I could move) upon a very high pillow; this was no sooner done, but my two female friends came into bed to me in their finest night-clothes. You may easily guess at the condition of a man that saw a couple of the most beautiful women in the world undress and a-bed with him, without being able to stir hand or foot. I begged them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose, which I did with so much violence, that about midnight they both leaped out of the bed, crying out they were undone. But seeing me safe, they took their posts again, and renewed their raillery. Finding all my prayers and endeavours were lost, I composed myself as well as I could, and told them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that means disgrace them for ever: but alas! this was impossible; could I have been disposed to it, they would have prevented me by several little ill-natured caresses and endearments which they bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to womankind, I would not pass such another night to be master of the whole sex. My reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next morning. Why truly my bed-fellows left me about an hour before day, and told me, if I would be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up as soon as it was time for me to rise: accordingly, about nine o'clock in the morning, an old woman came to unswathe me. I bore all this very patiently, being resolved to take my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no measures with them as

soon as I was at liberty; but upon asking my old woman what was become of the two ladies, she told me she believed they were by that time within sight of Paris, for that they went away in a coach and six before five o'clock in the morning.' L.

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No. 91. THURSDAY, JUNE 14. *By Steele.*

*In furias ignemque ruunt, amor omnibus idem.* VIRG.

—They rush into the flame;

For love is lord of all, and is in all the same. DRYDEN.

THOUGH the subject I am now going upon would be much more properly the foundation of a comedy, I can not forbear inserting the circumstances which pleased me in the account a young lady gave me of the loves of a family in town, which shall be nameless; or rather, for the better sound and elevation of the history, instead of Mr. and Mrs. such a one, I shall call them by feigned names. Without further preface, you are to know that within the liberties of the city of Westminster lives the lady Honoria, a widow about the age of forty, of a healthy constitution, gay temper, and elegant person. She dresses a little too much like a girl, affects a childish fondness in the tone of her voice, sometimes a pretty sullenness in the leaning of her head, and now and then a downcast of her eyes on her fan: neither her imagination nor her health would ever give her to know that she is turned of twenty; but that in the midst of these pretty softnesses, and airs of delicacy and attraction, she has a tall daughter within a fortnight of fifteen, who impertinently

comes into the room, and towers so much towards woman, that her mother is always checked by her presence, and every charm of Honoria droops at the entrance of Flavia. The agreeable Flavia would be what she is not, as well as her mother Honoria; but all their beholders are more partial to an affectation of what a person is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore allowed to Flavia to look forward, but not to Honoria to look back. Flavia is no way dependent on her mother with relation to her fortune, for which reason they live almost upon an equality in conversation: and as Honoria has given Flavia to understand, that it is ill-bred to be always calling mother, Flavia is as well pleased never to be called child. It happens by this means, that these ladies are generally rivals in all places where they appear, and the words mother and daughter never pass between them but out of spite. Flavia one night at a play observing Honoria draw the eyes of several in the pit, called to a lady who sat by her, and bid her ask her mother to lend her her snuff-box for one moment. Another time, when a lover of Honoria was on his knees beseeching the favour to kiss her hand, Flavia, rushing into the room, kneeled down by him, and asked her blessing. Several of these contradictory acts of duty have raised between them such a coldness, that they generally converse, when they are in mixed company, by way of talking at one another, and not to one another. Honoria is ever complaining of a certain sufficiency in the young women of this age, who assume to themselves an authority of carrying all things before

them, as if they were possessors of the esteem of mankind, and all who were but a year before them in the world were neglected or deceased. Flavia, upon such a provocation, is sure to observe, that there are people who can resign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they can not hold; that there are those who will not allow youth their follies, not because they are themselves past them, but because they love to continue in them. These beauties rival each other on all occasions, not that they have always had the same lovers, but each has kept up a vanity to show the other the charms of her lover. Dick Crastin and Tom Tulip, among many others, have of late been pretenders in this family; Dick to Honoria, Tom to Flavia. Dick is the only surviving beau of the last age, and Tom almost the only one that keeps up that order of men in this.

I wish I could repeat the little circumstances of a conversation of the four lovers, with the spirit in which the young lady I had my account from, represented it at a visit where I had the honour to be present; but it seems Dick Crastin, the admirer of Honoria, and Tom Tulip, the pretender to Flavia, were purposely admitted together by the ladies, that each might show the other that her lover had the superiority in the accomplishments of that sort of creature whom the sillier part of women call a fine gentleman. As this age has a much more gross taste in courtship, as well as in every thing else, than the last had, these gentlemen are instances of it in their different manner of application. Tulip is ever making allusions to the vigour of his person, the sinewy force of his make; while Crastin professes

a wary observation of the turns of his mistress's mind. Tulip gives himself the air of a resistless ravisher, Crastin practises that of a skilful lover. Poetry is the inseparable property of every man in love; and as men of wit write verses on those occasions, the rest of the world repeat the verses of others. These servants of the ladies were used to imitate their manner of conversation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange discourse in what they said when they met. Tulip the other day seized his mistress's hand, and repeated out of Ovid's Art of Love:—

'Tis I can in soft battles pass the night,  
Yet rise next morning vigorous for the fight,  
Fresh as the day, and active as the light.'

Upon hearing this, Crastin, with an air of deference, played Honoria's fan, and repeated,

'Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,  
That can, with a resistless charm, impart  
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;  
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,  
Between declining virtue and desire,  
'Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away  
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.'

When Crastin had uttered these verses, with a tenderness which at once spoke passion and respect, Honoria cast a triumphant glance at Flavia, as exulting in the elegance of Crastin's courtship, and upbraiding her with the homeliness of Tulip's. Tulip understood the reproach, and in return began to applaud the wisdom of old amorous gentlemen, who turned their mistress's imagination as far as possible from what they had long themselves forgot, and ended his discourse



with a sly commendation of the doctrine of Platonic love: at the same time he ran over, with a laughing eye, Crastin's thin legs, meagre looks, and spare body. The old gentleman immediately left the room with some disorder, and the conversation fell upon untimely passion, after love, and unseasonable youth. Tulip sung, danced, moved before the glass, led his mistress half a minuet, hummed

‘Celia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen:’

when there came a servant with a letter to him, which was as follows:

‘SIR,

‘I UNDERSTAND very well what you meant by your mention of Platonic love. I shall be glad to meet you immediately in Hyde-Park, or behind Montague-House, or attend you to Barn Elms, (a) or any other fashionable place that is fit for a gentleman to die in, that you shall appoint for, sir,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘RICHARD CRASTIN.’

Tulip's colour changed at the reading of this epistle; for which reason his mistress snatched it to read the contents. While she was doing so, Tulip went away, and the ladies now agreeing in a common calamity, bewailed together the danger of their lovers. They immediately undressed to go out, and took hackneys to prevent mischief, but after alarming all parts of the town, Crastin was found by his widow in his pumps at Hyde-Park, which appointment Tulip never kept, but made his escape into the country. Flavia tears

her hair for his inglorious safety, curses and despises her charmer, is fallen in love with Crastin: which is the first part of the history of the Rival Mother.

R.(b)

No. 92. FRIDAY, JUNE 15. *By Addison.*

— *Convivæ prope dissentire videntur,  
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato:  
Quid dem? Quid non dem?—*

HOR.

IMITATED.

— What would you have me do,  
When out of twenty I can please not two?  
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;  
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;  
Hard task to hit the palate of such guests. POPP.

LOOKING over the late packets of letters which have been sent to me, I found the following one:

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Your paper is a part of my tea-equipage; and my servant knows my humour so well, that calling for my breakfast this morning (it being past my usual hour) she answered, the Spectator was not yet come in; but that the tea-kettle boiled, and she expected it every moment. Having thus in part signified to you the esteem and veneration which I have for you, I must put you in mind of the catalogue of books which you have promised to recommend to our sex: for I have deferred furnishing my closet with authors, till I receive your advice in this particular, being your daily disciple and humble servant,

‘LEONORA.’

In answer to my fair disciple, whom I am very proud of, I must acquaint her, and the rest of my readers, that since I have called out for help in my catalogue of a lady's library, I have received many letters upon that head, some of which I shall give an account of.

In the first class I shall take notice of those which come to me from eminent booksellers, who every one of them mention with respect the authors they have printed, and consequently have an eye to their own advantage more than to that of the ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for women to have true notions of right and equity, and that therefore they can not peruse a better book than Dalton's Country Justice; another thinks they can not be without The Complete Jockey. A third, observing the curiosity and desire of prying into secrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair sex, is of opinion this female inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their advantage, and therefore recommends to me Mr. Mede upon the Revelations. A fourth lays it down as an unquestionable truth, that a lady can not be thoroughly accomplished who has not read the Secret Treaties and Negotiations of Marshal D'Estrades. Mr. Jacob Tonson, junr. is of opinion, that Bayle's Dictionary might be of very great use to the ladies, in order to make them general scholars. Another, whose name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every woman with child should read Mr. Wall's History of Infant Baptism; as another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female readers The Finishing Stroke; being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme, &c.

In the second class I shall mention books which are recommended by husbands, if I may believe the writers of them. Whether or no they are real husbands or personated ones I can not tell, but the books they recommend are as follows: A Paraphrase on the History of Susanna. Rules to keep Lent. The Christian's Overthrow prevented. A Dissuasive from the Play-house. The Virtues of Camphor, with Directions to make Camphor Tea. The Pleasures of a Country Life. The Government of the Tongue. A letter dated from Cheapside, desires me that I would advise all young wives to make themselves mistresses of Wingate's Arithmetic, and concludes with a postscript, that he hopes I will not forget the Countess of Kent's Receipts.

I may reckon the ladies themselves as a third class among these my correspondents and privy-counsellors. In a letter from one of them, I am advised to place Pharamond at the head of my catalogue, and if I think proper, to give the second place to Cassandra. (a) Coquetilla begs me not to think of nailing women upon their knees with manuals of devotion, nor of scorching their faces with books of housewifery. Florella desires to know if there are any books written against prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a place in my library. Plays of all sorts have their several advocates: All for Love is mentioned in above fifteen letters; Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow, in a dozen; The Innocent Adultery is likewise highly approved of; Mithridates, King of Pontus, has many friends; Alexander the Great and Aurengzebe have the same number of voices;

but Theodosius, or The Force of Love, carries it from all the rest.

I should in the last place, mention such books as have been proposed by men of learning, and those who appear competent judges of this matter; and must here take occasion to thank A. B. whoever it is that conceals himself under these two letters, for his advice upon this subject: but as I find the work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the thoughts of my judicious contemporaries, and have time to examine the several books they offer to me; being resolved, in an affair of this moment, to proceed with the greatest caution.

In the meanwhile, as I have taken the ladies under my particular care, I shall make it my business to find out, in the best authors, ancient and modern, such passages as may be for their use, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their taste; not questioning but the valuable part of the sex will easily pardon me, if from time to time, I laugh at those little vanities and follies which appear in the behaviour of some of them; and which are more proper for ridicule than a serious censure. Most books being calculated for male readers, and generally written with an eye to men of learning, makes a work of this nature the more necessary; besides, I am the more encouraged, because I flatter myself that I see the sex daily improving by these my speculations. My fair readers are already deeper scholars than the beaux: I could name some of them who talk much better than several gentlemen that make a figure at Will's; and as I fre-

quently receive letters from the *fine ladies* and *pretty fellows*, I can not but observe that the former are superior to the others, not only in the sense but in the spelling. This can not but have a good effect upon the female world, and keep them from being charmed by those empty coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the women, though laughed at among the men.

I am credibly informed that Tom Tattle passes for an impertinent fellow, that Will Trippet begins to be smoked, and that Frank Smoothly himself is within a month of a coxcomb, in case I think fit to continue this paper. For my part, as it is my business in some measure to detect such as would lead astray weak minds, by their false pretences to wit and judgment, humour and gallantry, I shall not fail to lend the best lights I am able to the fair sex for the continuation of these their discoveries.

L.

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No. 93. SATURDAY, JUNE 16. *By Addison.*

——— *Spatio brevi*

*Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur, fugerit invida*

*Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.* HON.

——— Be wise, cut off long cares

From thy contracted span.

E'en whilst we speak, the envious time

Doth make swift haste away:

'Then seize the present, use thy prime,

Nor trust another day.

CREECH.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are

spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter day. The politician would be contented to lose three years of his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in, after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over,

that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest, which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow:

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. The particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that inter-



course and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the Divine Presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours, when those of other men are the most inactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him, if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind can not be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue,

it is necessary to find out proper employment for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain

and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up his empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper, for the employment of our dead inactive hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge. L.

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No. 94. MONDAY, JUNE 18. *By Addison.*

— *Hoc est*

*Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.* MART. Epig.

The present joys of life we doubly taste,  
By looking back with pleasure to the past.

THE last method which I proposed in my Saturday's paper, for filling up those empty spaces

of life which are so tedious and burdensome to idle people, is the employing ourselves in the pursuit of knowledge. I remember Mr. Boyle, speaking of a certain mineral, tells us, that a man may consume his whole life in the study of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a single science, or any branch of it, that might not furnish a man with business for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten subjects of the usefulness of knowledge, nor of the pleasure and perfection it gives the mind, nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular branch of it, all which have been the topics of many other writers; but shall indulge myself in a speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shown how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to show how those parts of life which are exercised in study, reading and the pursuits of knowledge, are long but not tedious; and by that means discover a method of lengthening our lives, and at the same time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr. Locke observes, 'that we get the idea of time or duration, by reflecting on that train of ideas which succeed one another in our minds. That for this reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it, whilst we sleep; and that the moment wherein we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to think again, seems

to have no distance.' To which the author adds, 'and so I doubt not but it would be to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep only one *idea* in his mind, without variation, and the succession of others; and we see, that one who fixes his thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take but little notice of the succession of *ideas* that pass in his mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest contemplation; lets slip out of his account a good part of that duration, and thinks that time shorter than it is.'

We might carry this thought farther, and consider a man as, on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things: so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. Accordingly monsieur Mallebranche, in his *Inquiry after Truth* (which was published several years before Mr. Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*) tells us, that it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years; or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

This notion of monsieur Mallebranche is capable of some little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. Locke: for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the succession of ideas in our mind, and this succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the same parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we suppose are equally dis-

tinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less degree of rapidity.

There is a famous passage in the Alcoran, which looks as if Mahomet had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher (which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel Gabriel carried him away) before the water was all spilt. (*a*)

There is a very pretty story in the Turkish tales which relates to this passage of that famous impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon. A sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: but conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the history of Mahomet, if he would consent to do what he would desire of him. Upon this the sultan was directed to place himself by a huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again; the king accordingly thrust his head into the water, and

at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. The king immediately began to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country; accordingly he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood. These people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long, that he had by her seven sons and seven daughters; he was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mahometans, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water, but he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude: but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood,

and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan doctor took this occasion of instructing the sultan, that nothing was impossible with God, and that He, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he please, make a single day, nay, a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

I shall leave my reader to compare these eastern fables with the notions of those two great philosophers whom I have quoted in this paper; and shall only by way of application, desire him to consider how we may extend life beyond its natural dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions: the time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of past life; in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly? The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower. L.



No. 95. TUESDAY, JUNE 19. *By Steele.*

(From the Letter-box.)

*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.* SENEC. TRAG.

Light sorrows speak, great grief is dumb.

HAVING read the two following letters with much pleasure, I can not but think the good sense of them will be as agreeable to the town, as any thing I could say either on the topics they treat of, or any other. They both allude to former papers of mine; and I do not question but the first, which is upon inward mourning will be thought the production of a man who is well acquainted with the generous yearnings of distress in a manly temper, which is above the relief of tears. A speculation of my own on that subject I shall defer till another occasion.

The second letter is from a lady of a mind as great as her understanding. There is perhaps something in the beginning of it which I ought in modesty to conceal; but I have so much esteem for this correspondent, that I will not alter a tittle of what she writes, though I am thus scrupulous at the price of being ridiculous.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I WAS very well pleased with your discourse upon general mourning, and should be obliged to you if you would enter into the matter more deeply, and give us your thoughts upon the common sense the ordinary people have of the demonstrations of grief, who prescribe rules and fashions to the most solemn affliction; such as the loss of the nearest relations and dearest friends.

You can not go to visit a sick friend; but some impertinent waiter about him observes the muscles of your face; as strictly as if they were prognostics of his death or recovery. If he happens to be taken from you, you are immediately surrounded with numbers of these spectators, who expect a melancholy shrug of your shoulders, a pathological shake of your head, and an expressive distortion of your face, to measure your affection and value for the deceased; but there is nothing, on these occasions, so much in their favour as immoderate weeping. As all their passions are superficial, they imagine the seat of love and friendship to be placed visibly in the eyes; they judge what stock of kindness you had for the living by the quantity of tears you pour out for the dead; so that if one body wants that quantity of salt-water another abounds with, he is in great danger of being thought insensible or ill-natured; they are strangers to friendship, whose grief happens not to be moist enough to wet such a parcel of handkerchiefs. But experience has told us nothing is so fallacious as this outward sign of sorrow, and the natural history of our bodies will teach us, that this flux of the eyes, this faculty of weeping, is peculiar only to some constitutions. We observe in the tender bodies of children, when crossed in their little wills and expectations, how dissolvable they are into tears; if this were what grief is in men, nature would not be able to support them in the excess of it for one moment. Add to this observation, how quick is their transition from this passion to that of their joy! I will not say we see often, in the next tender things to children,

tears shed without much grieving. Thus it is common to shed tears without much sorrow, and as common to suffer much sorrow without shedding tears. Grief and weeping are indeed frequent companions; but, I believe, never in their highest excesses. As laughter does not proceed from profound joy, so neither does weeping from profound sorrow. The sorrow which appears so easily at the eyes, can not have pierced deeply into the heart. The heart distended with grief, stops all the passages for tears or lamentations.

‘Now, sir, what I would incline you to in all this is, that you would inform the shallow critics and observers upon sorrow, that true affliction labours to be invisible, that it is a stranger to ceremony, and that it bears in its own nature a dignity much above the little circumstances which are affected under the notion of decency. You must know, sir, I have lately lost a dear friend, for whom I have not yet shed a tear; and for that reason your animadversions on that subject would be the more acceptable to, sir, your most humble servant,

B. D.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

*June the 15th.*

‘As I hope there are but few that have so little gratitude as not to acknowledge the usefulness of your pen, and to esteem it a public benefit; so I am sensible, be that as it will, you must nevertheless find the secret and incomparable pleasure of doing good, and be a great sharer in the entertainment you give. I acknowledge our sex to be much obliged, and I hope improved, by your labours, and even your intentions more particularly for our service. If it be true, as it is sometimes

said, that our sex have an influence on the other, your paper may be a yet more general good. Your directing us to reading is certainly the best means to our instruction; but I think, with you, caution in that particular very useful, since the improvement of our understandings may or may not be of service to us, according as it is managed. It has been thought we are not generally so ignorant as ill-taught, or that our sex does so often want wit, judgment, or knowledge, as the right application of them: you are so well bred as to say your fair readers are already deeper scholars than the beaux, and that you could name some of them that talk much better than several gentlemen that make a figure at Will's. This may possibly be, and no great compliment, in my opinion, even supposing your comparison to reach Tom's and the Grecian; surely you are too wise to think that a real commendation of a woman. Were it not rather to be wished we improved in our own sphere, and approved ourselves better daughters, wives, mothers and friends?

'I can't but agree with the judicious trader in Cheapside (though I am not at all prejudiced in his favour) in recommending the study of arithmetic; and must dissent even from the authority which you mention, when it advises the making our sex scholars. Indeed a little more philosophy, in order to the subduing our passions to our reason, might be sometimes serviceable, and a treatise of that nature I should approve of, even in exchange for Theodosius, or The Force of Love; but as I well know you want not hints, I will proceed no further than to recommend the Bishop of Cambray's Education of a Daughter, as it is

translated into the only language I have any knowledge of, though perhaps very much to its disadvantage. I have heard it objected against that piece, that its instructions are not of general use, but only fitted for a great lady; but I confess, I am not of that opinion; for I don't remember that there are any rules laid down for the expenses of a woman, in which particular only I think a gentlewoman ought to differ from a lady of the best fortune, or highest quality, and not in their principles of justice, gratitude, sincerity, prudence, or modesty. I ought perhaps to make an apology for this long epistle; but as I rather believe you a friend to sincerity than ceremony, shall only assure you I am, sir, your most humble servant,

ANNABELLA.

T.

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No. 96. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20. *By Steele.*

From the Letter-box.

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*Amicum*  
*Mancipium domino, et frugi—* HOR. Sat. 7. l. 2. v. 3.  
 —The faithful servant, and the true. CREECH.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I HAVE frequently read your discourse upon servants (No. 88.) and, as I am one myself, have been much offended that in that variety of forms wherein you considered the bad, you found no place to mention the good. There is, however, one observation of yours I approve, which is, that there are men of wit and good sense among all orders of men, and that servants report most

of the good or ill which is spoken of their masters. That there are men of sense who live in servitude, I have the vanity to say I have felt to my woful experience. You attribute very justly the source of our general iniquity to board-wages, and the manner of living out of a domestic way; but I can not give you my thoughts on this subject any way so well, as by a short account of my own life to this the forty-fifth year of my age; that is to say, from my being first a foot-boy at fourteen to my present station of a nobleman's porter, in the year of my age abovementioned.

' Know then, that my father was a poor tenant to the family of Sir Stephen Rackrent. Sir Stephen put me to school, or rather made me follow his son Harry to school, from my ninth year; and there, though Sir Stephen paid something for my learning, I was used like a servant, and was forced to get what scraps of learning I could by my own industry, for the schoolmaster took very little notice of me. My young master was a lad of very sprightly parts; and my being constantly about him and loving him, was no small advantage to me. My master loved me extremely, and has often been whipped for not keeping me at a distance. He used always to say, that when he came to his estate, I should have a lease of my father's tenement for nothing. I came up to town with him to Westminster school, at which time he taught me, at night, all he learnt; and put me to find out words in the dictionary when he was about his exercise. It was the will of Providence that Mr. Harry was taken very ill of a fever, of which he died within ten days after his first falling sick. Here was the first sorrow I ever knew;

and I assure you, Mr. Spectator, I remember the beautiful action of the sweet youth in his fever, as fresh as if it were yesterday. If he wanted any thing, it must be given him by Tom. When I let any thing fall, through the grief I was under, he would cry, do not beat the poor boy; give him some more julep for me, nobody else shall give it me. He would strive to hide his being so bad, when he saw I could not bear his being in so much danger, and comforted me saying, Tom, Tom, have a good heart. When I was holding a cup at his mouth, he fell into convulsions; and at this very time I hear my dear master's last groan. I was quickly turned out of the room, and left to sob and beat my head against the wall at my leisure. The grief I was in was inexpressible, and every body thought it would have cost me my life. In a few days, my old lady, who was one of the housewives of the world, thought of turning me out of doors, because I put her in mind of her son. Sir Stephen proposed putting me to prentice; but my lady being an excellent manager, would not let her husband throw away his money in acts of charity. I had sense enough to be under the utmost indignation, to see her discard with so little concern one her son had loved so much; and went out of the house to ramble wherever my feet would carry me.

\* The third day after I left Sir Stephen's family, I was strolling up and down the walks in the Temple. A young gentleman of the house, who (as I heard him say afterwards) seeing me half starved and well dressed, thought me an equipage ready to his hand, after very little inquiry more than *Did I want a master?* bid me follow him. I

did so, and in a very little while thought myself the happiest creature in this world. My time was taken up in carrying letters to wenches, or messages to young ladies of my master's acquaintance. We rambled from tavern to tavern, to the playhouse, the mulberry garden (*a*) and all places of resort; where my master engaged every night in some new amour, in which and drinking he spent all his time when he had money. During these extravagancies I had the pleasure of lying on the stairs of a tavern half a night, playing at dice with other servants, and the like idlenesses. When my master was moneyless, I was generally employed in transcribing amorous pieces of poetry, old songs and new lampoons. This life held till my master married, and he had then the prudence to turn me off, because I was in the secret of his intrigues.

‘I was utterly at a loss what course to take next; when at last I applied myself to a fellow-sufferer, one of his mistresses, a woman of the town. She happening at that time to be pretty full of money, clothed me from head to foot; and knowing me to be a sharp fellow, employed me accordingly. Sometimes I was to go abroad with her, and when she had pitched upon a young fellow she thought for her turn, I was to be dropped as one she could not trust. She would often cheapen goods at the New Exchange; (*b*) and when she had a mind to be attacked, she would send me away on an errand. When a humble servant and she were beginning a parley, I came immediately, and told her Sir John was come home; then she would order another coach to prevent being dogged. The lover makes signs



to me as I get behind the coach; I shake my head it was impossible: I leave my lady at the next turning, and follow the cully to know how to fall in his way on another occasion. Besides good offices of this nature, I writ all my mistress's love-letters; some from a lady that saw such a gentleman in such a place in such a coloured coat, some showing the terror she was in of a jealous old husband, others explaining that the severity of her parents was such (though her fortune was settled) that she was willing to run away with such a one, though she knew he was but a younger brother. In a word, my half education and love of idle books, made me out-write all that made love to her by way of epistle; and as she was extremely cunning, she did well enough in company by a skilful affectation of the greatest modesty. In the midst of all this I was surprised with a letter from her and a ten pound note,

“HONEST TOM,

“You will never see me more. I am married to a very cunning country gentleman, who might possibly guess something if I kept you still; therefore farewell.”

‘When this place was lost also in marriage, I was resolved to go among quite another people for the future; and got in butler to one of those families where there is a coach kept, three or four servants, a clean house, and a good general outside upon a small estate. Here I lived very comfortably for some time, till I unfortunately found my master, the very gravest man alive, in the garret with the chambermaid. I knew the world too well to think of staying there; and the

next day pretended to have received a letter out of the country that my father was dying, and got my discharge with a bounty for my discretion.

‘The next I lived with was a peevish single man, whom I staid with for a year and a half. Most part of the time I passed very easily; for when I began to know him, I minded no more than he meant what he said; so that one day in good humour he said, “I was the best man he ever had, by my want of respect to him.”

‘These, sir, are the chief occurrences of my life; and I will not dwell upon very many other places I have been in, where I have been the strangest fellow in the world, where nobody in the world had such servants as they, where sure they were the unluckiest people in the world in servants, and so forth. All I mean by this representation is, to show you that we poor servants are not (what you called us too generally) all rogues; but that we are what we are, according to the example of our superiors. In the family I am now in, I am guilty of no one sin but lying; which I do with a grave face in my gown and staff every day I live, and almost all day long, in denying my lord to impertinent suitors, and my lady to unwelcome visitants. But, sir, I am to let you know, that I am, when I can get abroad, a leader of the servants; I am he that keeps time with beating my cudgel against the boards in the gallery at an opera; I am he that is touched so properly at a tragedy, when the people of quality are staring at one another during the most important incidents; when you hear in a crowd a cry in the right place, a hum where the point is touched in a speech; or a huzza set up where it is the voice

of the people, you may conclude it is begun, or joined by, sir, your more than humble servant,  
T. THOMAS TRUSTY.'

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No. 97. THURSDAY, JUNE 21. *By Steele,*

*Proiecare animas*—— VIRG. *Æn.* l. 6. v. 436.

They prodigally threw their souls away.

AMONG the loose papers which I have frequently spoken of heretofore, I find a conversation between Pharamond and Eucrate upon the subject of duels; and the copy of an edict issued in consequence of that discourse.

Eucrate argued, that nothing but the most severe and vindictive punishment, such as placing the bodies of the offenders in chains, and putting them to death by the most exquisite torments, would be sufficient to extirpate a crime which had so long prevailed, and was so firmly fixed in the opinion of the world as great and laudable; but the king answered, that indeed instances of ignominy were necessary in the cure of this evil; but considering that it prevailed only among such as had a nicety in their sense of honour, and that if often happened that a duel was fought to save appearances to the world, when both parties were in their hearts in amity and reconciliation to each other; it was evident, that turning the mode another way would effectually put a stop to what had being only as a mode; that to such persons, poverty and shame were torments sufficient; that he would not go further in publishing in others, crimes which he was satisfied he himself was

most guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by speaking his displeasure sooner. Besides which the king said, he was in general averse to tortures, which was putting human nature itself, rather than the criminal, to disgrace; and that he would be sure not to use this means where the crime was but an ill effect arising from a laudable cause, the fear of shame. The king, at the same time, spoke with much grace upon the subject of mercy; and repented of many acts of that kind which had a magnificent aspect in the doing, but dreadful consequences in the example. Mercy to particulars, he observed, was cruelty in the general; that though a prince could not revive a dead man by taking the life of him who killed him, neither could he make reparation to the next that should die by the evil example, or answer to himself for the partiality, in not pardoning the next as well as the former offender. 'As for me (says Pharamond) I have conquered France, and yet have given laws to my people; the laws are my methods of life; they are not a diminution, but a direction to my power. I am still absolute to distinguish the innocent and the virtuous, to give honours to the brave and generous: I am absolute in my good will; none can oppose my bounty, or prescribe rules for my favour. While I can, as I please, reward the good, I am under no pain that I can not pardon the wicked; for which reason (continued Pharamond) I will effectually put a stop to this evil, by exposing no more the tenderness of my nature to the importunity of having the same respect to those who are miserable by their fault, and those who are so by their misfortunes. Flatterers (con-

cluded the king, smiling) repeat to us princes, that we are heaven's vicegerents; let us be so, and let the only thing out of our power be *to do ill.*'

Soon after the evening wherein Pharamond and Eucrate had this conversation, the following edict was published.

PHARAMOND'S EDICT AGAINST DUELS.

*'Pharamond, king of the Gauls, to all his loving subjects sendeth, greeting.*

*'WHEREAS* it hath come to our royal notice and observation, that in contempt of all laws, divine and human, it is of late become a custom among the nobility and gentry of this our kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as well as great and urgent provocations, to invite each other into the field, there, by their own hands, and of their own authority, to decide their controversies by combat; we have thought fit to take the said custom into our royal consideration, and find, upon inquiry into the usual causes, whereon such fatal decisions have arisen, that by this wicked custom, maugre all the precepts of our holy religion, and the rules of right reason, the greatest act of the human mind, *forgiveness of injuries*, is become vile and shameful; that the rules of good society and virtuous conversation are hereby inverted; that the loose, the vain, and the impudent, insult the careful, the discreet, and the modest; that all virtue is suppressed, and all vice supported, in the one act of being capable to dare to the death. We have also further, with great sorrow of mind, observed that this dreadful action, by long impunity (our royal attention being employ-

ed upon matters of more general concern) is become honourable, and the refusal to engage in it ignominious. In these our royal cares and inquiries, we are yet further made to understand, that the persons of most eminent worth, and most hopeful abilities, accompanied with the strongest passion for true glory, are such as are most liable to be involved in the dangers arising from this license. Now taking the said premises into our serious consideration, and well weighing that all such emergencies (wherein the mind is incapable of commanding itself, and where the injury is too sudden or too exquisite to be borne) are particularly provided for by laws heretofore enacted; and that the qualities of less injuries, like those of ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to come under general rules; we do resolve to blot this fashion, or wantonness of anger, out of the minds of our subjects, by our royal resolutions declared in this edict as follow:

‘No person who either sends or accepts a challenge, or the posterity of either, though no death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the publication of this our edict, capable of bearing office in these our dominions.

‘The person who shall prove the sending or receiving a challenge, shall receive to his own use and property the whole personal estate of both parties; and their real estate shall be immediately vested in the next heir of the offenders in as ample manner as if the said offenders were actually deceased.

‘In cases where the laws (which we have already granted to our subjects) admit of an appeal for blood; when the criminal is condemned by

the said appeal, he shall not suffer death, but his whole estate, real, mixed, and personal, shall from the hour of his death, be vested in the next heir of the person whose blood he spilt.

‘That it shall not hereafter be in our royal power, or that of our successors, to pardon the said offences, or restore the offenders in their estates, honour, or blood for ever.

‘Given at our court at Blois, the 8th of February 420, in the second year of our reign.’ T.

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No. 98. FRIDAY, JUNE 22. *By Addison.*

— *Tanta est querendi cura decoris.* JUV. SAT.

So studiously their persons they adorn.

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress: within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. (a) The women were of such an enormous stature, that *we appeared as grasshoppers before them.* At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I can not learn, whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with some-

thing in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex; being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans; I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire that those female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble; sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time, the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it.



*Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum  
Edificat caput: Andromachen a fronte videbis;  
Post minor est: aliam credas—*

JUV. SAT.

With curls on curls they build their heads before,  
And mount it with a formidable tow'r;  
A giantess she seems, but look behind,  
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind. DRYDEN.

But I do not remember, in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a pigmy without her head-dress, appeared like a Colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin (*b*) says, 'that these old fashioned fontanges rose an ell above the head; that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers.

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned, as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the

men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament that it lay under a kind of persecution; and, whenever it appeared in public was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the person that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, 'the women that like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over.' This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre in his history of Bretagne, and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted. (c)

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for making of laws against the exorbitance of power: in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the master-piece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermillion, planted in it a double row of ivory,

made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that can not be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bonelace.

L.

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No. 99. SATURDAY, JUNE 23. 'By Addison.

——— *Turpi seceris honestum.*

HOR. SAT.

You know to fix the bounds of right and wrong.

THE club, of which I have often declared myself a member, were last night engaged in a discourse upon that which passes for the chief point of honour among men and women, and started a great many hints upon the subject, which I thought were entirely new. I shall therefore methodise the several reflections that arose upon this occasion, and present my reader with them for the speculation of this day; after having premised, that if there is any thing in this paper which seems to differ with any passage of last Thursday's, the reader will consider this as the sentiments of the club, and the other as my own private thoughts, or rather those of Pharamond.

The great point of honour in men is courage, and in women chastity. If a man loses his honour in one rencounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another; a slip in a woman's honour is irrecoverable. I can give no reason for fixing the point of honour to these two qualities, unless it be that each sex sets the greatest value on the qualification which renders them the most amiable in the eyes of the contrary sex. Had men chosen for themselves, without regard to the opinions of the fair sex, I should believe the choice would have fallen on wisdom or virtue; or had women determined their own point of honour, it is probable that wit or good nature would have carried it against chastity.

Nothing recommends a man more to the female sex than courage; whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a terror to others fall like a slave at their feet, or that this quality supplies their own principal defect, in guarding them from insults, and avenging their quarrels, or that courage is a natural indication of a strong and sprightly constitution. On the other side, nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the opposite sex than chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and constancy, gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleased with a passage in the inscription on a monument erected in Westminster-abbey to the late duke and duchess of Newcastle; "Her name was Margaret Lucas, young-

est sister to the lord Lucas of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous."

In books of chivalry, where the point of honour is strained to madness the whole story runs on chastity and courage. The damsel is mounted on a white palfrey, as an emblem of her innocence; and, to avoid scandal, must have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man, till some misfortune has brought a knight-errant to her relief. The knight falls in love; and did not gratitude restrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her disdain. However, he must waste many years in the desert before her virgin heart can think of a surrender. The knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and stronger than himself, seeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head, and, after seven years rambling, returns to his mistress, whose chastity has been attacked in the mean time by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many trials as her lover's valour.

In Spain, where there are still great remains of this romantic humour, it is a transporting favour for a lady to cast an accidental glance on her lover from a window, though it be two or three stories high: as it is usual for the lover to assert his passion for his mistress in single combat with a mad bull.

The great violation of the point of honour from man to man, is giving the lie. One may tell another he whores, drinks, blasphemes, and it may pass unresented; but to say he lies, though but in jest, is an affront that nothing but blood

can expiate. The reason perhaps may be, because no other vice implies a want of courage so much as the making of a lie: and therefore telling a man he lies, is touching him in the most sensible point of honour, and indirectly calling him a coward. I can not omit under this head, what Herodotus tells us of the ancient Persians, that from the age of five years to twenty they instruct their sons only in three things; to manage the horse, to make use of the bow, and to speak truth.

The placing the point of honour in this false kind of courage, has given occasion to the very refuse of mankind, who have neither virtue nor common sense, to set up for men of honour. An English peer, who has not been long dead, used to tell a pleasant story of a French gentleman that visited him early one morning at Paris, and, after great professions of respect, let him know he had it in his power to oblige him; which, in short, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his lordship the person's name who jostled him as he came out from the opera; but before he would proceed he begged his lordship that he would not deny him the honour of making him his second. The English lord, to avoid being drawn into a very foolish affair, told him, that he was under engagements for his two next duels to a couple of particular friends. Upon which the gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his lordship would not take it ill if he meddled no farther in an affair from whence he himself was to receive no advantage.

The beating down this false notion of honour, in so vain and lively a people as those of France,

is deservedly looked upon as one of the most glorious parts of their present king's reign. It is pity but the punishment of these mischievous notions should have in it some particular circumstances of shame and infamy; that those who are slaves to them may see, that instead of advancing their reputations, they lead them to ignominy and dishonour.

Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it; but if every one that fought a duel were to stand on the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

When honour is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it can not be too much cherished and encouraged: but when the dictates of honour are contrary to those of religion and equity, they are the greatest depravations of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and false ideas of what is good and laudable, and should therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human society. L.

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No. 100. MONDAY, JUNE 25. *By Steele.*

*Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.* HOR.

The greatest blessing is a pleasant friend.

A MAN advanced in years, that thinks fit to look back upon his former life, and calls that only life which was passed with satisfaction and enjoyment, excluding all parts which were not plea-

sant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his infancy. Sickness, ill-humour, and idleness, will have robbed him of a great share of that space we ordinarily call our life. It is therefore the duty of every man that would be true to himself, to obtain, if possible, a disposition to be pleased, and place himself in a constant aptitude for the satisfaction of his being. Instead of this, you hardly see a man who is not uneasy in proportion to his advancement in the arts of life. An affected delicacy is the common improvement we meet with in those who pretend to be refined above others; they do not aim at true pleasures themselves, but turn their thoughts upon observing the false pleasures of other men. Such people are valetudinarians in society, and they should no more come into company than a sick man should come into the air: if a man is too weak to bear what is a refreshment to men in health, he must still keep his chamber. When any one in Sir Roger's company complains he is out of order, he immediately calls for some posset-drink for him; for which reason that sort of people, who are ever bewailing their constitution in other places, are the cheerfulest imaginable when he is present.

It is a wonderful thing, that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse, by giving them the history of their pains and aches; and imagine such narrations their quota of the conversation. This is, of all other, the meanest help to discourse; and a man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an account of his head-ache answered by another's asking what



news in the last mail? Mutual good humour is a dress we ought to appear in whenever we meet, and we should make no mention of what concerns ourselves, without it be of matters wherein our friends ought to rejoice: but indeed there are crowds of people who put themselves in no method of pleasing themselves or others; such are those whom we usually call indolent persons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate state between pleasure and pain, and very much unbecoming any part of our life after we are out of the nurse's arms. Such an aversion to labour creates a constant weariness, and one would think should make existence itself a burden. The indolent man descends from the dignity of his nature, and makes that being which was rational merely vegetative; his life consists only in the mere increase and decay of a body, which, with relation to the rest of the world, might as well have been uninformed, as the habitation of a reasonable mind.

Of this kind is the life of that extraordinary couple, Harry Tersett and his lady. Harry was in the days of his celibacy one of those pert creatures who have much vivacity and little understanding: Mrs. Rebecca Quickly, whom he married, had all that the fire of youth and a lively manner could do towards making an agreeable woman. These two people of seeming merit, fell into each other's arms; and passion being sated, and no reason or good sense in either to succeed it, their life is now at a stand, their meals are insipid, and their time tedious; their fortune has placed them above care, and their loss of taste reduced them below diversion. When we talk

of these as instances of inexistence, we do not mean, that in order to live, it is necessary we should always be in jovial crews or crowned with chaplets of roses, as the merry fellows among the ancients are described; but it is intended, by considering these contraries to pleasure, indolence and too much delicacy, to show that it is prudence to preserve a disposition in ourselves to receive a certain delight in all we hear and see.

This portable quality of good humour seasons all the parts and occurrences we meet with, in such a manner that there are no moments lost; but they all pass with so much satisfaction, that the heaviest of loads (when it is a load) that of time, is never felt by us. Varilas has this quality to the highest perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears; the sad, the merry, the severe, the melancholy, show a new cheerfulness when he comes amongst them. At the same time no one can repeat any thing that Varilas has ever said that deserves repetition; but the man has that innate goodness of temper, that he is welcome to every body, because every man thinks he is so to him. He does not seem to contribute any thing to the mirth of the company; and yet, upon reflection, you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimsically said of a gentleman, that if Varilas had wit, it would be the best wit in the world. It is certain when a well corrected, lively imagination and good breeding are added to a sweet disposition, they qualify it to be one of the greatest blessings, as well as pleasures of life.

Men would come into company with ten times the pleasure they do, if they were sure of hearing

nothing which would shock them, as well as expected what would please them. When we know every person that is spoken of is represented by one who has no ill will, and every thing that is mentioned described by one that is apt to set it in the best light, the entertainment must be delicate; because the cook has nothing brought to his hand but what is the most excellent in its kind. Beautiful pictures are the entertainments of pure minds, and deformities of the corrupted. It is a degree towards the life of angels, when we enjoy conversation wherein there is nothing presented but in its excellence; and a degree towards that of demons, wherein nothing is shown but in its degeneracy. T.

No. 101. TUESDAY, JUNE 26. *By Addison.*

*Romulus et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,  
Post ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti;  
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella  
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;  
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem  
Speratum meritis:——*

HOR. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 5.

IMITATED.

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,  
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,  
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,  
The Gauls subdued, or property secur'd,  
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,  
Our laws establish'd, and the world reform'd,  
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find  
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind. POPE.

'CENSURE (says a late ingenious author) is the tax a man pays to the public for being emi-

nent.' (a) It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.

If men of eminence are exposed to censure on one hand, they are as much liable to flattery on the other. If they receive reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the man in a high post is never regarded with an indifferent eye, but always considered as a friend or an enemy. For this reason, persons in great stations have seldom their true characters drawn till several years after their deaths. Their personal friendships and enmities must cease, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their faults or their virtues can have justice done them. When writers have the least opportunities of knowing the truth, they are in the best disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons, and to set matters right between those antagonists, who, by their rivalry for greatness, divided a whole nation into factions. We can now allow Cæsar to be a great man, without derogating from Pompey, and celebrate the virtues of Cato, without detracting from those of Cæsar. Every one that has been long dead, has a due proportion of praise allotted him; in which, whilst he lived, his

friends were too profuse, and his enemies too sparing.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, the last comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approaches to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling, before it recovered its natural temper. In the like manner, if an Englishman considers the great ferment into which our political world is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its parts, he can not suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred years. In such a tract of time it is possible that the heats of the present age may be extinguished, and our several classes of great men represented under their proper characters. Some eminent historian may then probably arise that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as Tacitus expresses it) with the passions and prejudices of a contemporary author, but make an impartial distribution of fame among the great men of the present age.

I can not forbear entertaining myself very often with the idea of such an imaginary historian describing the reign of Anne the first, and introducing it with a preface to his reader, that he is now entering upon the most shining part of the English story. The great rivals in fame will be then distinguished according to their respective merits, and shine in their proper points of light. Such an one (says the historian) though variously represented by the writers of his own age, ap-

pears to have been a man of more than ordinary abilities, great application, and uncommon integrity; nor was such an one (though of an opposite party and interest) inferior to him in any of these respects. The several antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different parties, will then have the same body of admirers, and appear illustrious in the opinion of the whole British nation. The deserving man, who can now recommend himself to the esteem of but half his countrymen, will then receive the approbations and applauses of a whole age.

Among the several persons that flourish in this glorious reign, there is no question but such a future historian as the person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the men of genius and learning, who have now any figure in the British nation. For my own part, I often flatter myself with the honourable mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a paragraph in my own imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in some page or other of this imaginary historian.

It was under this reign, says he, that the spectator published those little diurnal essays which are still extant. We know very little of the name or person of this author, except only that he was a man of a very short face, extremely addicted to silence, and so great a lover of knowledge, that he made a voyage to Grand Cairo for no other reason than to take the measure of a pyramid. His chief friend was one Sir Roger de Coverley, a whimsical country knight, and a templar whose name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as

a lodger at the house of a widow-woman; and was a great humourist in all parts of his life. This is all we can affirm with any certainty of his person and character. As for his speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete words and obscure phrases of the age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the diversions and characters of the English nation in his time: not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the author, who has doubtless strained many representations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we must suppose that women of the first quality used to pass away whole mornings at a puppet-show: that they attested their principles by their *patches*: that an audience would sit out an evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not understand: that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the British stage: that a promiscuous assembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in masks within the verge of the court; (*b*) with many improbabilities of the like nature. We must, therefore, in these and the like cases, suppose that these remote hints and allusions aimed at some certain follies which were then in vogue, and which at present we have not any notion of. We may guess by several passages in the *speculations*, that there were writers who endeavoured to detract from the works of this author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot guess at any objection that could be made to his paper. If we consider his style with that indulgence which we must show to old English

writers, or if we look into the variety of his subjects, with those several critical dissertations, moral reflections,

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The following part of the paragraph is so much to my advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my readers will excuse me for not inserting it.

L.

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No. 102. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27. By Addison.

—*Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,  
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*

PHÆDR.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.

I do not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but as it is, I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions; so that I shall give it my readers at length, without either preface or postscript.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘WOMEN are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end therefore that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of



young women in the Exercise of the Fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who *carry* fans under me are drawn up twice a-day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and *exercised* by the following words of command:

‘Handle your fans,  
Unfurl your fans,  
Discharge your fans,  
Ground your fans,  
Recover your fans,  
Flutter your fans.

‘By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

‘But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this *exercise*, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to *handle their fans*, each of them shakes their fan at me with a smile, then gives her right hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

‘The next motion is that of *unfurling the fan*; in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate

openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the *exercise* pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

‘Upon my giving the word to *discharge their fans*, they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the *exercise*; but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of a room, who can now *discharge a fan* in such a manner that it shall make a report like a pocket pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly. I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

‘When the fans are thus *discharged*, the word of command in course is to *ground their fans*. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside, in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the *exercise*, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long

table (which stands by for that purpose) may be learned in two days time as well as in a twelve-month.

‘When my female regiment is thus disarmed; I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when on a sudden (like ladies who look upon their watches after a long visit) they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out *recover your fans*. This part of the *exercise* is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

‘The *fluttering of the fan* is the last, and indeed the master-piece of the whole *exercise*; but if a lady does not mispend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the *exercise*; for as soon as ever I pronounce *flutter your fans*, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

‘There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the *flutter of a fan*: there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of

it: and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or a coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you, that I have from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled the *Passions of the Fan*, which I will communicate to you if you think it will be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next; to which you shall be very welcome, if you will honour it with your presence. I am, &c.

‘P. S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

‘N. B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense.’ L.

No. 103. THURSDAY, JUNE 28. *By Steele.*

—————*Sibi quivis*

*Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,*

*Ausus idem—*

HOR. Ars. Poet. v. 240.

All men will try, and hope to write as well,  
And not (without much pains) be undeceiv'd. ROSCOMMON.

My friend the Divine having been used with words of complaisance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only spoken of him, and that in his absence) was so extremely offended with the excessive way of speaking civilities among us, that he made a discourse against it at the club; which he concluded with this remark, that he had not heard one compliment made in our society since

its commencement. Every one was pleased with his conclusion; and as each knew his good will to the rest, he was convinced that the many professions of kindness and service which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the heart is well inclined; but are a prostitution of speech, seldom intended to mean any part of what they express, never to mean all they express. Our reverend friend, upon this topic, pointed to us two or three paragraphs on this subject in the first sermon of the first volume of the late archbishop's posthumous works. (a) I do not know that I ever read any thing that pleased me more; and as it is the praise of Longinus, that he speaks of the sublime in a style suitable to it, so one may say of this author upon sincerity, that he abhors any pomp of rhetoric on this occasion, and treats it with a more than ordinary simplicity, at once to be a preacher and an example. With what command of himself does he lay before us, in the language and temper of his profession, a fault, which, by the least liberty and warmth of expression, would be the most lively wit and satire! But his heart was better disposed, and the good man chastised the great wit in such a manner, that he was able to speak as follows:

‘—Amongst too many other instances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age wherein we live, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is none of the least. The world is grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that men's words are hardly any signification of their thoughts; and if any man measure his words by his heart, and speak as he thinks, and do not express more kindness to every man

than men usually have for any man, he can hardly escape the censure of want of breeding. The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost amongst us: there hath been a long endeavour to transform us into foreign manners and fashions, and to bring us to a servile imitation of none of the best of our neighbours, in some of the worst of their qualities. The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited, as I may say, of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion, and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment: and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself, with a good countenance and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.

‘And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our contempt or our pity, to hear what solemn expressions of respect and kindness will pass between men, almost upon no occasion; how great honour and esteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never saw before, and how entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his service and interest, for no reason;

how infinitely and eternally obliged to him, for no benefit, and how extremely they will be concerned for him, yea, and afflicted too, for no cause. I know it is said, in justification of this hollow kind of conversation, that there is no harm, no real deceit, in compliment, but the matter is well enough, so long as we understand one another; *et verba valent ut nummi*, "words are like money;" and when the current value of them is generally understood, no man is cheated by them.

This is something, if such words were any thing; but being brought into the account, they are mere cyphers. However, it is still a just matter of complaint, that sincerity and plainness are out of fashion, and that our language is running into a lie: that men have almost quite perverted the use of speech, and made words to signify nothing; that the greatest part of the conversation of mankind, is little else but driving a trade of dissimulation; insomuch that it would make a man heartily sick and weary of the world, to see the little sincerity that is in use and practice among men.'

When the vice is placed in this contemptible light, he argues unanswerably against it, in words and thoughts so natural, that any man who reads them would imagine he himself could have been the author of them.

'If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world to seem to be any thing, is really to be

what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one, but he is discovered to want it; and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it, are lost.'

In another part of the same discourse he goes on to show, that all artifice must naturally tend to the disappointment of him that practises it.

'Whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over, but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks the truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.'

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No. 104. FRIDAY, JUNE 29. *By Steele.*

—*Qualis equos Threissa fatigat*  
*Harpalyce*—

VING. ÆN. 1. v. 320.

With such array Harpalyce bestrode  
 Her Thracian courser.

DRYDEN.

It would be a noble improvement, or rather a recovery of what we call good breeding, if nothing were to pass among us for agreeable which was the least transgression against that rule of life called decorum, or a regard to decency. This would command the respect of mankind, because it carries in it deference to their good opinion, as



humility lodged in a worthy mind is always attended with a certain homage, which no haughty soul, with all the arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. Tully says, virtue and decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our imagination. As the beauty of the body always accompanies the health of it, so certainly is decency concomitant to virtue: as beauty of body, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in that we observe all the parts with a certain elegance are proportioned to each other; so does decency of behaviour, which appears in our lives, obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse, from the order, consistency, and moderation of our words and actions. This flows from the reverence we bear towards every good man, and to the world in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only show you arrogant, but abandoned. In all these considerations we are to distinguish how one virtue differs from another; as it is the part of justice never to do violence, it is of modesty never to commit offence. In this last particular lies the whole force of what is called decency; to this purpose that excellent moralist abovementioned talks of decency; but this quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary capacity than expressed with all his eloquence. This decency of behaviour is generally transgressed among all orders of men; nay, the very women, though themselves created it as it were for ornament, are often very much mistaken in this ornamental part of life. It would, methinks, be a short rule for behaviour, if every

young lady in her dress, words and actions, were only to recommend herself as a sister, daughter, or wife, and make herself the more esteemed in one of those characters. The care of themselves with regard to the families in which women are born, is the best motive for their being courted to come into the alliance of other houses. Nothing can promote this end more than a strict preservation of decency. I should be glad if a certain equestrian order of ladies, some of whom one meets in an evening at every outlet of the town, would take this subject into their serious consideration. In order thereunto the following letter may not be wholly unworthy their perusal.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘GOING lately to take the air in one of the most beautiful evenings this season has produced, as I was admiring the serenity of the sky, the lively colours of the fields, and the variety of the landscape every way around me, my eyes were suddenly called off from these inanimate objects by a little party of horsemen I saw passing the road. The greater part of them escaped my particular observation, by reason that my whole attention was fixed on a very fair youth who rode in the midst of them, and seemed to have been dressed by some description in a romance. His features, complexion, and habit, had a remarkable effeminacy, and a certain languishing vanity appeared in his air: his hair, well curled and powdered, hung to a considerable length on his shoulders, and was wantonly tied, as if by the hands of his mistress, in a scarlet riband, which played like a streamer behind him: he had a coat

and waistcoat of blue camlet trimmed and embroidered with silver; a cravat of the finest lace; and wore, in a smart cock, a little beaver-hat edged with silver, and made more sprightly by a feather. His horse, too, which was a pacer, was adorned after the same airy manner, and seemed to share in the vanity of the rider. As I was pitying the luxury of this young person, who appeared to me to have been educated only as an object of sight, I perceived on my nearer approach, and as I turned my eyes downward, a part of the equipage I had not observed before, which was a petticoat of the same with the coat and waistcoat. After this discovery, I looked again on the face of the fair Amazon, who had thus deceived me, and thought those features which had before offended me by their softness, were now strengthened into as improper a boldness; and though her eyes, nose, and mouth, seemed to be formed with perfect symmetry, I am not certain whether she, who in appearance was a very handsome youth, may not be, in reality, a very indifferent woman.

‘ There is an objection which naturally presents itself against these occasional perplexities and mixtures of dress, which is, that they seem to break in upon that propriety and distinction of appearance in which the beauty of different characters is preserved; and if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look like turning our public assemblies into a general masquerade. The model of this Amazonian hunting-habit for ladies, was, as I take it, first imported from France, and well enough expresses the gayety of a people who are taught to do anything

so it be with an assurance; but I can not help thinking it sits awkwardly yet on our English modesty. The petticoat is a kind of incumbrance upon it; and if the Amazons should think fit to go on in this plunder of our sex's ornaments, they ought to add to their spoils, and complete their triumph over us, by wearing the breeches.

‘ If it be natural to contract insensibly the manners of those we imitate, the ladies who are pleased with assuming our dresses, will do us more honour than we deserve, but they will do it at their own expense. Why should the lovely Camilla deceive us in more shapes than her own, and affect to be represented in her picture with a gun and a spaniel: while her elder brother, the heir of a worthy family, is drawn in silks like his sister? The dress and air of a man are not well to be divided; and those, who would not be content with the latter, ought never to think of assuming the former. There is so large a proportion of natural agreeableness among the fair sex of our island, that they seem betrayed into these romantic habits, without having the same occasion for them with their inventors. All that needs to be desired of them is, that they would *be themselves*, that is, what nature designed them, and to see their mistake when they depart from this, let them look upon a man who affects the softness and effeminacy of a woman, to learn how their sex must appear to us, when approaching to the resemblance of a man. I am, sir, your most humble servant.’  
T.\*

\* By Mr. John Hughes.

No. 105. SATURDAY, JUNE 30. *By Addison.*

—*Id arbitror*

*Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.* TER. ANDR.

I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.

My friend Will Honeycomb values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has cost him many disasters in his youth, for Will reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every rencounter among the men, as parts of his education; and fancies he should never have been the man he is, had he not broke windows, knocked down constables, disturbed honest people with his midnight serenades, and beat up a lewd woman's quarters, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature, Will calls the studying of mankind, and terms this knowledge of the town the knowledge of the world. Will ingenuously confesses, that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men over-night; and at present comforts himself under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This Will looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kinds of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man, or a philosopher.

For these reasons, Will shines in mixed company, where he has the discretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a seeming one. Our club however has frequently caught him

tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as Will often insults us with his knowledge of the town, we sometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

He was last week producing two or three letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. The raillery of them was natural and well enough for a mere man of the town; but, very unluckily, several of the words were wrong spelt. Will laughed this off at first as well as he could; but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the Templar, he told us with a little passion, that he never liked pedantry in spelling, and that he spelt like a gentleman and not like a scholar: upon this Will had recourse to his old topic of showing the narrow-spiritedness, the pride and ignorance of pedants; which he carried so far, that upon my retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon that subject.

A man who had been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play-house, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court? He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of

a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of ombre. When he has gone thus far, he has shown you the whole circle of his accomplishments; his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further conversation. What are these but rank pedants? and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant, who always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgments, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the law pedant, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster-hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the Gazette, you drop him.

In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere any thing, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants which I have mentioned, the book pedant is much the most supportable: he has at least an exercised under-

standing, and a head which is full though confused, so that a man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing; and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of pedants among learned men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuscript, you would take him for the glory of the commonwealth of letters and the wonder of his age, when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole sentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

L.



No. 106. MONDAY, JULY 2. *By Addison.*

—*Hinc tibi copia  
Munabit ad plenum, benigno  
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.*

HOR. Od.

—Here to thee shall plenty flow,  
And all her riches show,  
To raise the honour of the quiet plain. CREECH.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley, to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and stayed persons: for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor.

You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable, with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe, with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics, upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs, with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages every body to him; so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with sir Roger, and has lived at his house, in the nature of a chaplain, above thirty years. This gentleman is a

person of good sense, and some learning, of a very regular life, and obliging conversation: he heartily loves sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than as a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities is something of a humourist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself; so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned? and, without staying for my answer, told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his, at the university, to find him out a clergyman, rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper; and, if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon. My friend, says sir Roger, found me out this gentleman; who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my es-

teem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never, in all that time, asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them. If any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment; which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we are talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year; where I saw with a great deal of pleasure archbishop Tillotson, bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his

figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example: and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour, after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves; but more edifying to the people. L.

No. 107. TUESDAY, JULY 3. *By Steele.*

*Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,  
Servumque collocarunt æterna in basi,  
Patere honoris scirent ut cunctis viam.* PHÆDR. Ep.

The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal, to show that the way to honour lies open indifferently to all.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular

which I have seldom seen but at sir Roger's: it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate, with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders, to those about him. Thus, respect and love go together; and a certain cheerfulness in the performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect, founded on his benevolence; to his dependents, lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favours rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants: he has ever been of opinion, that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat, which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants: a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good a husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life: I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing: and for that reason goes on as

fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country: and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who staid in the family, was, that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission, and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good servant; which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes; and shown to their undone patrons, that fortune was all the difference between them: but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in sir Roger's family, and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children; and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a



picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure, I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend sir Roger; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me, sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed sir Roger said, there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning any thing further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

R.

END OF VOL. II.

## APPENDIX.

### NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

#### *No. 57.*

(a) D. Sacheverell is understood to be the person really alluded to.

#### *No. 70.*

(a) This anachronism is palpable. Homer flourished 850, or according to some 980 years before the Christian Æra; this placed him near the time of Solomon. See No. 327.

(b) There is a chronological inaccuracy here. The dissensions of the barons were long prior to the battle of Otterburn, which is supposed to have been the subject of the poem. It was fought anno 1388. See Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.

#### *No. 71.*

(a) This man's name was James Hirst. He was servant to the Hon. E. Wortley. When delivering a packet of letter to his master, by mistake he gave this one which he had prepared for his sweet-heart. Mr. Wortley had the curiosity to read it, and when James came to ask it again, after he had discovered his mistake, 'No, James,' said he, 'you shall be a great man, and this letter must appear in the *Spectator*.'

#### *No. 81.*

(a) Party spirit raged with such violence in the latter end of queen Anne's reign, that it infected the ladies as well as the gentlemen. This paper ridicules such conduct in a pleasant manner.

#### *No. 82.*

(a) Ludgate was a prison for such debtors as were free-men of the city of London; it was taken down 1762.

## APPENDIX.

### No. 83.

(a) The common opinion, that *time* improves the colouring of paintings, is strongly controverted by Hogarth in his *Analysis of Beauty*.

### No. 84.

(a) Mr. Thornhill, the gentleman here alluded to, killed Sir Cholmondley Deering in a duel 9th May, 1711, for which he was tried and acquitted. Swift says, that he was afterwards murdered by two men on Turnham Green.

(b) Steel always wrote with fervour against duelling. See *Tatler*, Nos. 25, 26, 29. *Theatre*, Nos. 19 and 26. *Spectator*, Nos. 97, 99. *Guardian*, Nos. 20, 129, 133, 161.

### No. 86.

(a) Baptista della Porta's famous book, '*De Hamana Physiognomia*.' He died 1615.

### No. 87.

(a) The idol was a young widow who kept a coffee-house in Devereux court, which stood opposite to the present one.

### No. 88.

(a) The ring in Hyde-park was formerly the resort of persons of quality on Sunday evenings. Their footmen were always left at the gate, and were employed not very innocently in their masters' absence.

### No. 89.

(a) A serjeant at law.

### No. 90.

(a) The substance of the story is taken from a little book intitled '*Academic Galante*.'

### No. 91.

(a) This famous duelling place is a fine meadow, half surrounded by the Thames, and shaded by lofty elms. This was the scene of the famous duel between the duke of Bucks and the earl of Shrewsbury, with two seconds on each side. All the six fought. Shrewsbury and one of the seconds lost their lives.

### No. 92.

(a) Two celebrated romances written by La Caprenede.

APPENDIX.

No. 94.

(a) This passage is not to be found in the Alcoran, but in the life of Mahomet.

No. 96.

(a) This was a place of elegant entertainment near Buckingham house, somewhat after the style of Vauxhall.

(b) It was situated near York-building in the Strand, and was the fashionable market of millinery wares till 1737, when it was taken down.

No. 98.

(a) This refers to the *commode*, a kind of head-dress worn by the ladies, which, by means of a wire, bore up the hair and fore part of the cap to a great height.

(b) He was a French writer of history in the 16th century.

(c) An eminent French lawyer; this history was printed in 1582. Thomas Connecte was a Carmelite monk, and a famous preacher; his zeal led him to Rome, where he declaimed against the enormities of the papal court, for which he was condemned to the flames. He suffered his punishment with great constancy, 1434.

No. 101.

(a) Public-masquerades were introduced by the duke D'Aumont in Somerset-house, after the peace of Utrecht.

No. 103.

(a) See Archbishop Tillotson's Sermon on Sincerity, being the last discourse he preached, July 29th, 1694.















